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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909.

The Week.

Senator Cummins of Iowa invaded Illinois on Saturday to utter his flat defiance of Speaker Cannon and all the let-us-alone tariff lotus-eaters. The speech was significant because it expressed the thoughts of many hearts in the West. This was the chief point that Senator Cummins made. He spoke as but the representative of thousands of Republicans who are bitterly disappointed with the Payne-Aldrich bill, and are determined to work and vote for its speedy amendment. If these people are to be "read out of the party," with them will go the Republican majorities in many of the States, from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains. But the men for whom the Iowa Senator speaks do not propose to be read out. They are going to keep up the good fight which they made in Washington last spring. In particular, as Senator Cummins intimates, they intend to strengthen and make use of the Tariff Commission in every way possible. A hasty remark of President Taft's was taken to mean that the Commission would do nothing for the next four years except compile information and produce a "glossary." But the President's original statement should not be forgotten, in which he plainly said that the inquiries of the Commission might be expected to be made the basis of "executive recommendations" to Congress.

Not so alarming as the bad Republican slump in Massachusetts, but perhaps as disappointing to a certain gentleman who has been sailing down the Mississippi River and making love to the people of the South, is the Republican showing in Virginia. The Democrats have elected their Governor by a majority of 23,000 and probably kept their majority of one hundred in the Legislature in joint session. Such comfort as exists for Mr. Taft is found in a reduction of 15,000 votes in the Democratic majority of four years ago. He probably hoped for better things. He had made excellent Federal appointments in the State; Postmaster-General Hitchcock had not been idle; the liking between the President and the people of the State was mutual. But even in the romantic Southland, sentiment and business are two different things. The line that bounds the solid South will take a good deal of scouring before it disappears. That it must fade in the course of time follows not only from the ardent courtship of Republican Presidents but from events within the South itself. When Southern manufacturers shall have completely gone over to the game of Protection grab, when Southern Senators shall have all awakened to the fact that if there is any stealing going on they are entitled to their share of it, there will be no reason left why the South should not go Republican.

On the Saturday before election, Senator Lodge made a speech in Boston which was evidently intended to check the Republican defection in Massachusetts, but which in effect could only have intensified it. For it was all about the tariff. After denying that the tariff question had anything to do with the State campaign, and affirming that the Democrats were "chattering" about it simply because they could not attack "Gov. Draper's admirable Administration," the Senator indulged in a couple of columns of tariff chatter of his own. The drift of it was that the recent tariff revision was a masterpiece of statesmanship; that its many grave defects were due to the fact that "we could not do what we wanted"; and that there may soon be another revision by which the tariff will be "still further improved." Mr. Lodge observed in a detached and far-away manner that "an especial attack has been made on the wool schedule." Not a word as to the chief attacker, namely, President Taft himself! Even the Senator had to admit that iniquities were wrapped in Mr. Whitman's wool, but still he contended that "on the whole, the interests of Massachusetts have been well guarded." His audience was gravely assured that Senator Crane and he in all that they did "thought first and always of the half-million people who work in the Massachusetts industries." Before the reader exhausts his powers of laughter over this, let him save something for the Senator's economic discovery that Cleveland's tariff message of 1887 was the "principal cause of the panic of 1893"!

There was a time when it would have been well to have included in the oaths of Southern Governors a special obligation to oppose and defeat lynching mobs. But the necessity for this appears to have passed by. Even Gov. Vardaman, victim of negrophobia that he was, balked more than one mob, and nearly every one of the present Governors has taken more or less vigorous action against those who would violate the laws in the name of order. Last week it was Gov. Glasscock of West Virginia who earned the gratitude of his State, and of law-abiding people everywhere, by taking from the jail in Gassaway two negroes, who were accused of assault and in danger of lynching. Gov. Glasscock marched with the militia and the prisoners, directed the strategy which outwitted the 200 armed men lying in wait, and saw that the prisoners were taken to another town where the militia will continue to guard them, until all danger is over. This is the kind of distinguished active service which ought to insure to Gov. Glasscock a long political career. In no other direction can he serve his State as well.

The commendable habit of giving money to colleges to be used as the colleges think best is growing. Libraries, dormitories, and stadia impress the popular imagination and gratify the vanity of the donor, but many a university president has had reason to fear the benefactor bearing gifts in the shape of a new building that has to be kept up and furnished with classes and instructors. Additions to their general endowment funds the colleges have been pleading for, and these they are now beginning to get. An unrestricted donation, like the two and a quarter million dollars which Columbia University receives under the will of the late John Stewart Kennedy, the New York broker, may be made to mean almost as much in the true evolution of a university as can a ten-million-dollar campus and a set of fine new buildings. It means an increase in the number and efficiency of the teaching staff. Courses given by under-

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paid and overworked young instructors can now afford better-trained men and men less harassed with the vulgar worries of bread and rent. Courses that are needed, and not given because of the millions that go for interest charges and athletic fields, may now receive some attention. The teaching staff must always be the prime care of the college administrator. Buildings can wait, but a half-starved Ph.D. will sooner or later desert the academic halls for a place in the wholesale starch or dress-goods business. From the famous log with a student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other we have changed to marble halls with a tired instructor at one end and a bored class at the other.

It is a relief to be told that the rumors of a Martian catastrophe, involving the destruction of all life upon that planet, are false. To have that bright young life snuffed out just when eyes on earth have discovered it would have been the saddest event in the whole range of cosmic history. Better that life had never come into being beyond terrestrial bounds, if it really has come, than that it should disappear just when we are about to question it. Better that the Martian canals had never been built, if there are such canals; better that the Martian vegetation had perished ten thousand years ago, if those dark patches are really forests; better that the polar ice-cap on Mars—taking it for granted that the ice-cap is actually there—had drawn tight over the entire rotundity of the planet, than to have the tragedy enacted before our straining and somewhat imperfect vision. If life on Mars were to be wiped out while our scientists are still debating the comparative advantages of a ten-mile mirror or a bell 100,000 feet in diameter as means of interplanetary communication, it would have shown that Chance, and mocking Chance, does rule the universe.

Like many another important item of Philippine news, the official announcement that W. Cameron Forbes, the Vice-Governor-General of the islands, has succeeded Gen. James F. Smith as Governor-General of the archipelago has attracted practically no attention. Mr. Forbes would seem in many respects to be admirably fitted for long service in his new post. A member of a distinguished Massachusetts family, of independent fortune, with an unusually advantageous business career opening before him when he gave up everything to go to the Philippines in 1904, he is but thirty-nine years of age. He has already done hard and faithful service in Manila as secretary of commerce and police and as Vice-Governor. In Mr. Taft's eyes he finds special favor because he is thoroughly in sympathy with the President's policy of indefinite control of the Phi'ippines. Just here enters the scruple of doubt. A grandson of J. Murray Forbes, the great Boston merchant and abolitionist, the new Governor-General has yet to show that he shares the family views on the vital issues of democracy and human liberty. The Philippine future is full of sinister omens, despite the final rendering of tariff justice to the islands. To Mr. Taft this means prompt economic prosperity, and it ought to help greatly, though the last figures show a falling off in our trade with the islands. But the trouble is that the Filipino is absolutely ungrateful for all favors, so long as they come from American hands.

To the outsider who is not quite up on the fine points of mind and matter in the universe, the quarrel between New York's leading Christian Science church and the mother church in Boston is now in a hopeless state of complexity. When a witness may testify to the truth verbally in one way, and spiritually in another, we face a condition of affairs where nothing but a firm belief in malicious animal magnetism can help us. At first sight the quarrel would seem to be about very tangible things. A gifted and successful "reader," a woman, is suspected of cherishing personal ambitions dangerous to the unity of Christian Science, and, presumably, to the material interests of the governing body in Boston. In addition to so seemingly tangible a cause, we have such other seemingly corporeal facts as congregational meetings, a presiding officer, speakers on either side, a casting of ballots, a victory for the majority, and a vote of confidence. But the outsider's puzzlement begins when majorities are described as "truth" and minorities as "evil" and "error." This testifies to a blending of body and spirit which most of us have not yet attained.

The tension in England over the Budget is indicated by Mr. Balfour's language in reply to some utterances of Mr. Ure, Lord Advocate for Scotland. Mr. Ure had in several speeches stated that the aged poor of the country were fearful of losing their pensions if there were a change of government, and that he shared their apprehension. These statements were made the basis of a terrific arraignment by Mr. Balfour in a speech before the Junior Constitutional Club. "I do not wish," he said, "to judge too harshly the expressions of an excited orator talking to an excited audience. . . . It is the frigid and calculated lie which moves my indignation." And this was but the beginning of the ex-Premier's denunciation. The accusation of deliberate falsehood is based on the assertion that "no Government could if they would, or would if they could, interfere with these old-age pensions, and that you might as well think of repudiating your obligation to the national creditors as repudiating your obligation to those recipients of the national bounty." To this it is replied by Mr. Ure and his defenders that such may be the feeling of the Opposition, but that ways and means must be provided, and that Mr. Ure's statement was simply a challenge to Mr. Balfour to produce his programme and show that he could raise the necessary sum.

Whatever the merits of this personal controversy, there is one conclusion which it can hardly fail to force on the mind—that of the probable far-reaching effect of the old-age pension policy upon the whole character of British politics and government. The combination of democratic institutions, in a highly developed commercial and industrial country, with a vast system of governmental bounties to individuals, is something the working of which the world has never yet had an opportunity to witness; but it requires no gift of prophecy to forecast some of its inevitable consequences. One of these, and by no means the least serious, is sharply indicated in this Ure-Balfour episode. It was not for nothing that the leader of the Conservative party went so far beyond his own usual practice, and that of English statesmen generally, in the violence of his language; a new force, with untold potentialities of mischief, was invoked by Mr. Ure's appeal. If every contest for the

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possession of the Government is to be made the occasion for bids by one party, or both, for the votes of the old-age pensioners and their friends, men who cherish the traditions of English government must feel that the outlook is dark indeed. The history of the war-pensions issue in our own politics may serve to give a faint indication of the demoralization that may be possible in a democratic country when, instead of a temporary issue affecting a special class, it becomes a permanent issue involving a large part of the entire population.

The chances of a better understanding between Germany and Great Britain grow brighter. Rumor persists in dwelling on the imminence of peace overtures from the side of Germany. The new Chancellor's somewhat vague aspirations towards peace are reinforced in other influential quarters. Throughout the late years of Anglo-German strain our attention has centred entirely upon British scares and fears. But it would be absurd to think that the German Government, too, has not had its qualms, or that the German Empire has not its problems, which, like England's, work for peace. The recent sudden development of the Socialist menace cannot help influencing the Emperor's foreign policy. When five-sixths of the people of Berlin cast their votes for Socialist candidates, it is plain that the Kaiser's subjects are sick of the burdens imposed upon them by the Dreadnought fever. Von Bülow must have been aware of the true state of public feeling, but, satiated with office, preferred to resign rather than abandon a policy pursued for years. No such reasons exist to keep the new Chancellor from working for the restoration of common sense.

In Ambassador Bernstorff's address on Saturday, before the Academy of Political Science at Philadelphia, he urged that the almost entire drying up of the stream of emigration from Germany was a complete answer to those who charge the Germans with vast colonial ambitions. In particular, the Ambassador pointed to the German population in Brazil—some 400,000 all told—and showed that it receives scarcely any additions from the mother country. Fewer than a thousand Germans a year now emigrate to Brazil. This certainly looks as if that deadly attack on the Monroe Doctrine by way of Rio Grande do Sul, against which our Germanophobes used to warn us, is not likely to come off. Count Bernstorff dwelt on the other evidences that Germany is now able to provide work and opportunity for her increasing millions at home. There has been, indeed, a great change in conditions with the rise of German industrialism and commerce. Whether it is to be permanent, we must wait to see; but at present Germany is intensively cultivating her own garden with wonderful success. All told, Count Bernstorff's address was peace-loving and peace-promoting.

M. Briand, in his new capacity as head of the French Cabinet, won his first Parliamentary victory on Monday, when the question of electoral reform came up in the Chamber. After that body had voted to change the system of voting for Deputies from the *scrutin d'arrondissement* to the *scrutin de liste*, the Premier intervened and by making the question one of confidence in the Government forced the Chamber to reverse its previous majority of nearly 240. Under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, at present in force, every Department of France is divided into electoral districts, of which each elects a single Deputy. Under the *scrutin de liste*, every elector in a department voted for the entire number of Deputies to which the department is entitled; in other words, the same method by which our own Presidential electors are chosen in the different States. The French Republic has repeatedly experimented with both forms. The vote by departments was introduced in 1871, replaced by the vote by arrondissements or districts in 1876, restored in 1885, and once more abandoned for the arrondissement system in 1889. That there was not one more change, between 1876 and 1885, is due to the Senate's rejection of a bill for reëstablishing the *scrutin de liste* passed by the Chamber in 1881 after a great campaign by Gambetta.

The attitude of the judge who is presiding over the sensational murder trial now in progress in Paris can but strike one bred to our notions as unfair and outrageous. Instead of a neutral umpire, he makes himself a violent prosecutor. But all depends upon the point of view and age-long practice. When Charles Sumner as a young man went to France, he frequented the courts both of primary jurisdiction and appeal, and at first was shocked by the intervention of the judges. To his Anglo-Saxon conceptions of judicial propriety, this seemed intolerable. But later he came to a different view, and was ready to concede that the rigid examination of suspected criminals by the judge was often a splendid instrument of justice. A similar opinion, we believe, was expressed by Sir James Stephen. With the complete *dossier* of the case before him, an examining magistrate is often able to succeed better than any one else could in eliciting the exact truth. His bias against the prisoner is more assumed than real, for behind all the rigors of his cross-examination lies the high sense of judicial obligation, and the fear lest, as the judge in the Steinheil case expresses it, a "judicial error" may be committed.

Turkey is the latest victim of Dreadnought fever. Prosperous, peaceful, contented Turkey, with no vast problems of governmental change to work out, with no foreign loans to be negotiated, with no hereditary feuds between Moslem and Christian to appease, with no rebellions in Arabia and Anatolia to subdue, with no bothersome Cretan mix-up on her hands—this happy nation rolling in wealth has decided to spend $100,000,000 on battleships in the course of the next seven years. It may be that the Turkish Parliament which meets next week will hesitate to tread where the Minister of the Navy has rushed in so violently, but that navy-building on a large scale will be taken up by the new régime there is little reason to doubt. Turkey's enhanced reputation among the Powers is due to the demonstration of military efficiency which accompanied the fall of Abdul Hamid, as much as to sympathy for Constitutional government. Ottoman chauvinists probably see in a powerful navy the recovery of Crete, Cyprus, Egypt even—who knows? The significant thing, in the meanwhile, is that the Mediterranean, which only four or five years ago was supposed to have been removed from the sphere of naval competition, is now falling back within the mad circle. Austria is building Dreadnoughts, Italy is building Dreadnoughts, Greece and Turkey plan to do the same.

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SENATOR ALDRICH ON THE CURRENCY.

Senator Aldrich's speech of last Saturday to the Chicago Commercial Club makes one thing plain beyond dispute—that no plan for currency reform has yet been agreed on by the Monetary Commission. It is true that Mr. Vreeland, whose chairmanship of the House Banking and Currency Committee makes him an influential member of the Monetary Commission, has taken ground in a public speech for a Central Bank. It is also true that Mr. Aldrich himself, in private statement of his views, has shown his own attitude to be similar. The coincidence, last September, of President Taft's public reference to the Central Bank plan and of the formal launching of an "educational campaign" for such a plan at the National Bankers' Convention, led to popular belief that the scheme would at once be pressed. The truth was, however, that the Monetary Commission had not yet acted formally on any plan. Secretary MacVeagh declared, after Mr. Taft's speech, that the Administration would assume no official attitude in the matter until after the Commission had reported, and Senator Aldrich said as positively on Saturday that "the question of a definite plan for reforming existing conditions has not yet been taken up by the Commission."

Under such circumstances, it was hardly to be expected that the chairman of the Commission would at this time set out to tour the country in advocacy of an expedient of his own, which might or might not be adopted by the full Commission. There seems to have been a prevalent idea that this was Senator Aldrich's purpose, but he is making no such blunder.

There were nevertheless certain passages in the Senator's speech of Saturday which showed that he had a Central Bank in mind. His four important stipulations as to what should be "guarded against or eliminated from any possible scheme" were these: a "credit organization that would interfere with or control existing banks"; an organization "whose resources or credit could be used for speculative purposes"; one "that could possibly be dominated by the financial men or institutions in one section of the country," and one that should introduce the system of branch banking. A glance at these four "eliminations" shows that only a central institution could be referred to, and this brings the discussion fairly back to the Central Bank.

The "branch banking" question is of practical importance, because it touches on an aspect of the matter which has largely inspired such suspicions of the project as exist among inland bankers. If Senator Aldrich's statement, that he does not believe it possible to adapt that system to existing conditions in the United States, is to be interpreted as meaning branches of a Central Bank, it might tend to reassure these local misgivings. But Mr. Aldrich did not touch on the seemingly unavoidable alternative, also objectionable to interior markets—namely, that if a Central Bank were to be the sole depository of government surplus funds, and yet were to have no branches, it would necessarily, at a time when public revenue ran far beyond expenditure, pile up in one locality the proceeds of Federal taxes raised in a hundred other places. We doubt if such a plan would appeal to markets whose own actual money supply might thus be drained away.

That a Central Bank could properly aspire neither to control existing banks nor to interfere with their business through direct competition of its own, is a proposition which will command universal assent. So will the two propositions that its credit resources must not be used for speculative purposes or manipulated by financial interests for their personal advantage. No one in his senses would in the same breath propose an institution of the sort and admit that such use of its machinery was probable. We are not sure, however, that Senator Aldrich realizes how important is the bearing of these considerations on the whole project of a Central Bank.

To forbid by law the lending of such an institution's money to speculators in commodities or stocks, as Mr. Reynolds proposed in his recent speech to the Bankers' Convention, would be simple; but every one conversant with the history of the money market, and especially with the history of the great state banks of Europe, is aware that this would not end the matter. In Europe's experience, the relations of such an institution to the speculative influences of the day are well understood. Only a few weeks ago, the president of the Imperial Bank of Germany, in a speech to the governing board, formally declared that the raising of the bank's official discount rate "was dictated in the main by the wish to curb the excesses of speculation." It is precisely at such a juncture that the question of a central bank's policy being dominated, in its broader aspects, by men or interests who may have a stake in the speculation, becomes of high importance.

The *Yale Review*, in its current number, is impressed with this as the supremely important phase of the problem. It asks how far an American Central Bank could be trusted to perform the function, and answers that, in its judgment, "it is questionable whether men could be found, who, at the head of a great bank of immense resources, would use their power in this conservative way." For ourselves, we are not prepared to go so far as that. There are conservative men and conservative institutions in this country whose ideas are not shaped in Wall Street speculative circles. But the serious question remains as to the pressure which would surely be applied to prevent the exercise of such restrictive powers. The mere assertion from London, a few weeks ago, that the Bank of England had advanced its rate to check the recourse to London's money market by the managers of an extravagant Wall Street stock speculation, was received in America, even in banking circles, with an outburst of angry denunciation. That is not altogether a happy omen.

HONORS TO PEARY.

The award to Commander Peary of the gold medal of the National Geographic Society, and the action of that body preceding and following the award, should have the effect of bringing the question of Dr. Cook's claim to a new stage. The event happens to be coincident with Dr. Cook's return to New York, and it ought to be evident to that gentleman and his friends that the time has come when he must manifest a different attitude, if he is to retain any standing among thinking people. For the salient peculiarity of his conduct has been the apparent desire to put off as long as possible the meeting of any such test as even the most favorably situated claimant to the honor of the discovery of the North Pole would, as a matter of course, have to undergo; not to speak of a man placed, whether by

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his misfortune or his fault, under grave suspicion. Commander Peary, whose return from the Far North was considerably later than Cook's, has presented his records, has had them examined, has appeared personally before the committee, and has had his story authoritatively passed upon; while Dr. Cook has allowed nine weeks to pass without furnishing a single item in the way of evidence in support of the bare assertion made in his first story.

The action taken by the National Geographic Society in arranging for the appointment of a committee of experts to inquire into "the question of whether or not any one reached the Pole prior to 1909" points the way for Dr. Cook to correct, if he will, the impression that his conduct thus far has produced. Even if he feels that he cannot, out of regard for the authorities of the University of Copenhagen, submit to this committee the records of his journey, it is perfectly possible to put himself into such relations with it as to give evidence of good faith. And if he should take the ground that the personnel of the committee is such as to give him reason to believe that it is biassed against him, he might easily suggest some other committee before which he would be willing to appear. In default of some move on his part to indicate that he is anxious, or at least willing, to coöperate with those of his own countrymen who desire to arrive at the truth of the matter, there can be but one feeling as to his course. Many weeks are sure to pass before the written evidence he is preparing gets to Copenhagen; the chances are that when that has been done, a personal appearance on his part will be called for, as it was at Washington in the case of Peary; and so another long vista of delay opens up. It must be remembered, moreover, that the University of Copenhagen is in the peculiar position of a tribunal that has pronounced judgment in advance of the trial, and that therefore if its second judgment shall be in Cook's favor, it will still be necessary for an uncommitted body of experts to inquire into the case before the decision is accepted as really authoritative.

The National Geographic Society deserves special commendation for undertaking to probe this question to the bottom. President Moore of the society is quoted as saying that, in its efforts to get the truth before the society's membership of 50,000, it will spare no expense or trouble. In executing this task the society will be performing a public duty; for it would be a reflection on the national character if a question of this kind were allowed much longer to remain in its present condition. The incidental features of the early history of the controversy were such as to throw into the background the essential thing. Here was a man returning successful from a quest which had engaged his unremitting efforts for twenty-three years, and which had enlisted the heroic endeavors of generation after generation of dauntless explorers. The event was one in the acclamation of which the whole world would have united, an occasion of a kind rarely to be paralleled in history; but instead of this exhilarating triumph for the discoverer and this moment of sympathetic jubilation throughout the world, what actually took place was a most unpleasant discussion of the question whether another man, claiming prior discovery, was an impostor or not. Everything else was lost sight of; and we are very much in the same state still. With a firm determination to bring the question to an issue at as early a date as possible, the gentlemen constituting the special committee of the National Geographic Society will, we confidently hope, bring this situation to a close in a reasonable time. What is wanted to this end, above all else, is the personal confrontation of Dr. Cook with a group of competent persons, prepared to put to him those crucial questions which offer no difficulty to the man who has been telling the truth, but which are sure to bring to grief the pretender or the impostor.

CAPITALIZING THE OUTDOOR LIFE.

The pernicious habit of translating human values into money values has invaded the realm of sports. We Anglo-Saxons are looked upon by the rest of the world as the race peculiarly addicted to violent exercise and hypocrisy. The first charge is undoubtedly true; the second may be true. In any case, we seem to reveal a combination of both traits in the fashion we have lately fallen into of showing how moral, how useful, how civilizing a thing it is to kick a football or to shoot partridges. Kicking a football enforces temperance, teaches self-restraint, fosters the spirit of coöperation and universal brotherhood, and generally explains why America has conquered a continent and is destined to shape the future of the world. Partridge-shooting won Trafalgar and Waterloo, covered the Seven Seas, rules India and Egypt, and is now rebuilding South Africa. At first sight it should seem that so beautiful, so spontaneous, so universal an occupation as play would be its own sufficient reason. But we breathe the air of utility; wherefore cricket can be defended only on the ground that it holds together the British Empire by supplying it with calm, resolute, fair-minded administrators, while football is justified in numberless bank-presidents and successful mining engineers.

The argument is stated once again by Professor Mahaffy in the November *Outlook*. His text is a remark by Signor Ferrero, who holds that the old type of English gentleman, the fox-hunting, partridge-shooting English squire, is now an antiquated and false idea. "Against such a theory," says Professor Mahaffy, "I felt in me the protest of a whole life." And the man who has gone into classic erudition as deep as very few other men of his time, tells us how fond he is of angling and shooting, how much it has done for him, and how much it has done for our old friends, the men who rule the British Empire. Says the author of "Greek Social Life" and "The Art of Conversation":

> If I were to regard physical pleasures as the *summum bonum* of life, then I will confess that even if to-day, when I am old, any one were to offer me the choice of spending to-morrow in a noble picture gallery, or at a splendid concert, or in an antique city, with its palaces and churches, or of going out in pursuit of sea trout or salmon, or snipe or grouse, with good hope of success—though the artistic pleasures would be to me a certainty which I have been trained all through a long life to understand and enjoy, though the sport must be an uncertainty and might result in a blank day—I should at once take the day's sport in the country.

But then, on the other hand, it is pretty certain that Ferrero, or Anatole France, or Wilamowitz-Möllendorff would not.

Professor Mahaffy's argument from utility would be convincing if it were not for certain reflections evoked by an article entitled "Sport and Decadence" in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. This deals with another familiar topic, the deterioration of the sporting ideal—the inroads of professionalism,

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the growth of the spirit which plays to win at any price, the cultivation of physical exercise to the exclusion of every other interest. The *Quarterly* writer bewails the fact that cricket is not what it was forty years ago. Boys play without the enthusiasm of boys, and with all the cold calculation of veterans. Veterans do not always play fair. Spectators do not always prefer fair play. Gone, in other words, is the ethical content of sports, its influence for self-restraint, fair-mindedness, mutual helpfulness. But if that is so, how does it happen that during the same time the British Empire has gone on expanding? British administrators brought up on the right kind of sport made a bad mess of things in India—witness the Sepoy rebellion—and nearly drove Canada into revolution. British administrators trained on demoralized cricket and rowing have added Egypt and the Boer Republics to the Empire, and set up three great commonwealths in Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The close connection between field sports and foreign dominion stands imperilled.

The truth would seem to be that athletics and efficiency are not necessarily related as cause and effect. The connection is probably accidental, or at most, incidental. The destinies of the world, we believe, lie at present in the hands of Great Britain and America, and both like outdoor exercise. But let us remember that two hundred years ago the destinies of Europe were shaped by Frenchmen who did not care overmuch for sports. Three hundred years ago unathletic Spaniards conquered a new world. Fifteen hundred years before that, the civilized world was ruled by a race which preferred the enervating hot bath to the cold tub on which the sun never sets. And there are at present some eighty-odd millions of unathletic Germans who have definite ideas concerning Europe's and the world's near future. The Englishman in India probably finds his university cricket stand him in good stead; but the French administrator finds his gift for conversation useful in dealing with African natives; and the German finds his gift for discipline and order equally useful. If a nation passionately fond of stereopticon views and moving-pictures were to win a great naval battle, the connection between vaudeville and victory would not be irrefutably established.

Tying up outdoor exercise with ethics and world-dominion is, therefore, only a disingenuous way of saying that we like to be a good deal out-of-doors. If the foreigner thinks we go in too much for that sort of thing, why not admit that we have had the habit for a thousand years and get a lot of enjoyment out of it? As a matter of fact, our outdoor habits are less closely connected with the march of history than with the phenomena of digestion. If one breakfasts on oatmeal, eggs, mutton-chops, potatoes, griddle-cakes with syrup, ale, and tea, one is apt to feel the need of a fair amount of animated locomotion. Every nation has its favorite method of stimulating the gastric juices. Britons do it by violent exercise. Frenchmen do it by good cooking, light wines, a bit of cheese, and lively conversation. Germans do it by means of beer, tobacco, and silent reflection. An acute French observer would have no difficulty in tracing a good deal of America's love of the open-air to dyspepsia. Not all who walk ten miles a day are drawn by the call of the open. They begin the day by swallowing hot biscuits and wonder why they find it so difficult to stand still. The practice, of course, is not inconsistent with a real love for free air and the trees. We may start under doctor's orders and get to love nature for her own sake. In fact, it would not be out of line with Nature's roundabout methods if she gave us dyspepsia for the express purpose of sending us into the open to observe her miracles.

THE NEW SATIRIC VEIN.

That William Watson's metrical attack upon an unknown gentlewoman should be cabled to this country with columns of speculation and comment, shows, we trust, less a hankering after the sensational than the rarity of the event itself. Satire has pretty well perished, just as modern society seems to need it most. In an England that once had Pope, Gifford, and Byron, your poet rarely names a contemporary except to praise. In fact, the satiric vein hardly outlasted the middle of the nineteenth century. Lowell's "Fable for Critics," with the "Biglow Papers," may be regarded as the afterglow. The poets, Swinburne and Hugo notably, continued to fulminate against dominions and powers, but the old traditions of personal attack were in abeyance. Such a laceration as the Italian poet Carducci dealt to the pedantic grammarian Fanfani was exceptional.

At this point one would gladly yield the theme to Mr. Chesterton. He would prove that this weakening of the contentious note in poetry is the index of our general moral flabbiness. We can hear him demonstrating the futility of pretending to love our neighbor most of the time unless we are sufficiently preoccupied with him to hate him heartily on occasion. One might also cite Whistler's experiments in the gentle art of making enemies. But in spite of Ruskin and "'Arry," the white-plumed champion really hated not individuals, but middle-class institutions. Mr. H. G. Wells in a charming essay on the "Decay of Quarrelling" comes nearer to establishing the laws of war between friends and neighbors. Has the slow music of melodrama, has the insistent bassoon of commerce, replaced the invigorating drumbeat of satire? Mr. Watson rises to answer, No.

Personally, we are a bit discomfited to find the sonneteer who boldly renewed the ample manner of Milton and Wordsworth, in satire a running mate of Kipling. "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" is too obviously half-sister of "The Vampire." And Mr. Watson departs from the finer traditions of the satirical code in aiming not to cripple but to kill. The appropriate response would seem to be not a more stinging poem, but a caning from the male relatives. Where absolute violence comes in at the door, poetry escapes through the window. We might refer Mr. Watson and his followers to the debate between the French and the Italian schools of swordsmanship. The Italian tactics are summary, direct, and formidable. In a bout, the Italian *maestro* will usually pink his man. But lovers of the classic duel have justly pointed out that the institution exists, not for the sake of slaughter, but for adjusting affairs of honor, to secure which end it suffices to win a mere tactical or moral advantage on the stricken field. To jump in tiger-like and impale your opponent abridges a stately spectacle and deprives the event of that traditional element of give-and-take which is the essence alike of true sword-play and fine manners.

Yet we heartily hope that Mr. Watson is a harbinger. Our age needs the satir-

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ist. Never were pretence and fatuity so full blown. Just one month of Pope or Boileau, or better yet a reincarnated Horace vouchsafed for a space, might help us to see ourselves; one Rabelaisian laugh might dislodge the tabernacles of conceit, in which we sojourn so complacently. One could wish that Mr. Watson had chosen to be less an innovator than a renewer of the broken tradition of classic satire. Why should one wish to slay folly in institution or individual? There is something cramping to the imagination in so definite a purpose. The excuse for satire is the immortality of folly. The sport lies in prodding the monster, in making him forego the solemnity through which he imposes himself upon mankind. The satirist should, in a manner, acquiesce in the fatuity of the world that he may undermine it the more effectually. He may even succeed in loving his victim a little, or if this be impossible, he should at least find his theme too engrossing to be rashly exhausted. The new satire, when it does come, will, we trust, partake rather of the humane indirection of Erasmus than of the bludgeoning of the Kipling school. Or if Erasmus and Horace seem a shade too genial for work-a-day purposes; at least let us try to revive the merciless wit of Pope and the volcanic raillery of Byron.

POETRY AND ELOCUTION.

Questions about the decadence or the revival of poetry, its present state, and its prospects, are nearly always discussed in terms of the supply rather than of the demand. One is apt to ignore the essentially social character of the art, and to forget the function of the consumer—a brutal word—not only in his desire for poetry, but in his appreciation of it at its noblest and best. Years ago, a young instructor at Harvard was asked to join in the public readings then coming into vogue, and was advised to give Spenser or one of the modern English classics. Full of ardor, he hied to the chief of his department, and, sweeping aside the moderns, begged leave to read and interpret "Beowulf." "'Beowulf!' Why?" "I should like to do some missionary work." "Good! But where," and the words clicked out in harmless malice, "where are you going to find your heathen?"

Where can the poet now find his heathen, his gentle readers? What is the poet's public to-day? Who reads him, who quotes him? Along with Greek and Latin literature, English poems are assuming the part of a protected industry; they are studied more and more in the classroom, and are read less and less by the fireside. What would the publishers' books reveal about this case? Certainly they would show that except for school and college editions of the standard poets, and except for a pair of clever versemen whose popularity rests mainly on feats in prose, the publication of poetry is unprofitable and undesired. Not very long ago, to be sure, "new" poetry was marketable. When an untried and inferior poet once sent a specimen of his verses to Swift and asked for advice about getting them into print, the dean, without satiric intention of any kind, simply assumed a regular market for the stuff, quoted the usual rates, and advised his correspondent to try no publisher outside of the metropolis. A decade or so later, Johnson's "London," the work of an absolutely new man, took the town by storm. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" had been the champion "seller" of its day. Next came the turn of the popular narrative poem, compressed, rapid, memorable, such as could make fortunes for Byron and Scott. We seem to have passed, scarce a generation ago, the end of this era. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," in 1864, sold at once to the extent of sixty thousand copies, while, not far from the same date, Whittier and Longfellow made more modest successes with the poetical tale. Then fell the modern blight upon all verse save lyric; and even lyric has to live mainly on the compassionate magazines. It is no longer true, as it was in George Herbert's day, that "a verse may find him who a sermon flies." Even sermons, of a kind, have a better market than poetry.

Poetry, then, is asking not simply for its poets but for its gentle readers. It looks for help not from those who read it for revenue or under the ferule, but from those who demand great verse because they love it, and who make the mute but vital response to genius. The supply of this genius rests upon the knees of the gods; but the demand for it is controlled by the actual conditions of society, and these conditions to a large extent are susceptible of reform. Poetry in some shape is a primary instinct of social man; but an instinct can be repressed and its activity can be confined by agencies so wholly within our power and so close to us that we fail to appreciate what they are doing. If poetry is losing its vogue, one reason for the loss is because we fail to treat it as poetry. We stop our ears deliberately to the charm of verse as verse; we ignore the appeal of rhythmical utterance. Whenever poetry is quoted or recited in these latter days, its fundamental quality is suppressed; and in the silent reading of it no attempt is made to realize, to make audible to the inward ear, that purposed march and cadence of its lines. Elocution, as one styles the art of reading passages so as to bring out all that was put into them, is thus at disastrous odds with poetry; and teachers from kindergarten to college are striving to make us forget what noble numbers mean.

This journal has already insisted on the need of reviving the forgotten habit of reading books aloud. Mr. W. B. Yeats, on the wider theme of restoring "democratic" poetry to its rights, would revert altogether to oral delivery of verse. But how is this verse to be read aloud, whether by the poet or by the lover of poetry? As verse, to be sure, said our forefathers. As prose, say our modern teachers of elocution, along with the noble army of platform-men. "Be natural; be colloquial," they bid; "avoid in reading poetry all suggestion of a metrical scheme." Here is fine revolution from older practice! Originally sung, poetry came to be chanted, then read aloud with full emphasis upon the rhythm; but centuries of silent reading have at last reacted on oral delivery, obscuring this rhythmic throb and stifling the pulse of verse, while an over-strained fear of the pathetic and sentimental helps nowadays to condemn all recognition of metrical values as bad taste. If then we desire to win back some of the lost delights of poetry by reading it aloud, we must not simply retrace the steps from sound to silence, but we must restore to poetry its primary intention as cadenced and melodious verse.

Where shall the reform begin? With that chief of sinners, the platform-man, the reader by profession? With the teachers of elocution? Or shall we plead with the lords of the stage? Booth and even Irving still let one know that they dealt with verse; but they are lapt in lead and their elocution with them—save for such sporadic and not quite relevant cases as Mr. Bispham's reading of the "Antigone," and Dr. Furness's wholly adequate reading of Shakespeare, now so seldom heard. French and German actors got rid of poetry in their drama decades ago. Scherer, writing at Berlin in the eighties, said that the best German players, in order to perfect their colloquial tone, had their parts in iambic verse written out for them as prose; and he contrasted with this precaution the rules of the Weimar stage, under Schiller and Goethe, which demanded a metrical declamation. He traced the parallel change from rhythmical to "natural" utterance among French actors, setting against the pathetic tremolo and cadenced line of Talma the colloquial though exquisitely modulated style of Sarah Bernhardt.

Well, the lords of the stage are many; and they are arrogant; and it is vain to appeal to them in the name of injured Poesy while the shadow of Ibsen

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and the substance of Mr. Shaw still prevail. Poetic drama, too, is dead, though our hopes are with Mr. Brander Matthews for its resurrection; and so we turn to the one vital part of poetry, the lyric, and submit a modest plea that when it is read aloud, in school, on the platform, by the fireside, it shall be read as verse. Read in these places now, it is nearly always a case of calculated and effective slaughter, so far as rhythmical values are concerned. And what is a lyric without its rhythmical values? What is the wild water of a brook when it is dammed into a duckpond? The very tropes and figures depend upon this charm of movement, like flashes of light thrown back by the hurrying waves. Yet we are so afraid of singsong, and even more afraid of the pathetic and sentimental, that we suppress all cadences, and come out triumphant with a hybrid sort of performance that reminds one of a bird which should flap its wings without flying. We sin against the nature of poetry, in order to be natural as we conceive nature in these latter days. Scherer, whom I have just quoted, falls into a fine quandary on this matter of reading lyrics aloud. Of course, he says, one ought to read verse in "natural" tones; but there was Emanuel Geibel, as good a lyric poet as Germany could then show, who read his own poems in what seemed at first an "unpleasant" way. "There was something 'singing' in his elocution, something that strove above the natural tones"; but, Scherer goes on, one soon began to feel that the "something" was not unnatural at all, but "a peculiar poetic element, a mode of speech *sui generis*," a method which carried its own conviction of truth. Geibel, in a word, was reading poetry as poetry; that was all. If Scherer could have heard Tennyson, he would have learned something more to his advantage. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, by good evidence, all read their verses in "a kind of chant"—so Hazlitt affirms of the former two—which "acted as a spell upon the hearer." This chant was not singsong; singsong simply shows the "feet," baldly asserts metre, while rhythmical reading does justice to cadence and the harmonious movement of the verse.

Cannot, then, the restitution of rights to poetry be started, in however humble fashion, by a stout insistence upon its rhythmical values and by a branding of the Philistine, whether teacher or professional reader, who refuses to acknowledge them? If we think that Tennyson knew how to make a lyric, let us concede the soundness of his ideas on the way in which a lyric should be read aloud. Let us root out utterly that abominable cheerfulness with which school children, particularly girls, are taught to "render" threnodies like Cowper's "Toll for the Brave." And let us ostracize, or, more simply, lynch the adult who reads "Lycidas" as if it were the trial scene in "Pickwick."

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THE FERRER AFFAIR.

PARIS, October 28.

A spontaneous explosion of free thought is insufficient to explain deliberately organized demonstrations among widely varied popular masses, who are as ignorant of free thought as they are of Ferrer. There are, indeed, four likely sources of party ebullition in politics and religion—Freemasonry; anti-clericalism, which comprises all hatred, inherited or acquired, of Roman Catholics and their religion; Socialism as a political party living by agitation, and anarchy both of the intellectual and militant sort. With all their lack of union among themselves, there are certain electioneering interests common to these parties, at least on the Continent of Europe. In France recent events can leave no doubt about this.

Are the negative union against the Catholic religion and the positive union of political interests enough to produce spontaneously, without a directing head, this international resultant with its wonderful unity of crowds of so many different nations and antecedents, all insisting on some facts and ignoring other facts equally notorious, all taking for granted facts not yet ascertained, all giving vent to violent passions for or against certain abstractions which can only mean, in real life, that they are inspired to sympathy for certain classes of men around them and to distrust and hatred for certain others? Or, as the German Socialist, Liebknecht, thought he discerned in the corresponding development of the Dreyfus affair, is there some hidden *chef d'orchestre* who waves his bâton and directs the concert of all these bands?

Several of the most eminent Liberal journalists and correspondents of Spain have thought it their national duty to protest with the foreign press. They have done so with great clearness and reason, but to little effect. Anatole France gave notice long before the trial that the whole world would refuse to accept any condemnation of Ferrer, "whether by civil or military court," in Spain.

Keir Hardie, in the British Parliament, made it his chief grievance that Ferrer had not been turned over to the civil courts; but this the Spanish minister pointed out to the Cortès would have been contrary to law. Others have made capital of the trial by "court-martial," which it was not in the sense of summary jurisdiction, such as was exercised in France against thousands of the Paris Commune. As the minister also pointed out to the Cortès, the government did not use its rights of passing the Barcelona insurrectionists through a court-martial, but handed them over to the regular routine of law, which, in Spain, means the legal military tribunal. Whatever one may think of Spanish law, it is the only law existing in Spain.

This legality of the trial and condemnation of Ferrer is a first fact universally ignored by the agitators in France and elsewhere. The constitutional limitations of the royal prerogative in Spain have been equally ignored in the direct attacks made on King Alfonso for not exercising his power to pardon. These attacks in the French and Belgian press, and in countless meetings, have gone to the length of suggesting plainly to anarchists that the King is a fit object of their vengeance.

Another series of facts has been systematically ignored in all these international demonstrations; and in France, the demonstrators have done worse than ignore them. Señor La Cierva, in his last unlucky speech to the Cortès, which upset the Maura ministry, enumerated them briefly: "The number of religious buildings burned in Barcelona was sixty-eight; among the victims there were 138 dead and forty wounded."

The nuns of Barcelona, who were the chief victims, have been accused, tried, judged, and condemned—without any production of evidence—as the real criminals. The *Dépêche* of Toulouse is one of the most prominent republican journals of provincial France. This paper allowed itself to print an article about Barcelona convents in the most approved *Maria Monk* fashion. Some of the nuns are sisters and daughters of French families of high position. A French priest, with the permission of the Archbishop of Barcelona, has obtained the signatures of all the nuns and sisters of the convents to a suit for libel to be brought in the French courts. It is little likely they will have redress, although the ignoble stories were obviously taken in whole cloth from dime novels and correspond to nothing in present-day convents.

Camille Pelletan, in the Paris *Matin*, related over his own signature that a dealer in Barcelona (he does not give the name) told him that a sister from a convent asked him for the job of printing indecent postcards; and, when her attention was drawn to their character, she answered that the work would be sanctified because it would be done "in the interests of the Church." The use of such a formula, impossible among any Roman Catholics, nuns or not, as any one knows who has associated with them, but which is found constantly in anti-Catholic controversy, at once earmarks the story. M. Pelletan, as Jules Lemaître remarks, has not forgotten the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Thus women who have lost the homes they had chosen freely, the property which they had earned, and even their

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lives, are now condemned, on irresponsible hearsay, to the loss of their good name, while Ferrer is glorified.

On the other hand, it is assumed in all the demonstrations that "Jesuits" or priests in control of the Spanish government directed the execution of Ferrer. If men, and not phantoms, they should have names; but no one even pretends to answer the Irish member of Parliament's request for them.

Yet other facts, which are known on evidence other than hearsay, are equally ignored in France and elsewhere. They concern the person of Ferrer, whom the Manchester *Guardian* describes as "a noble-minded servant of the truth, as he saw it"—his execution, of course, being a "judicial murder." From less unexpected quarters similar phrases were used of the Chicago protomartyrs of anarchy and of Vaillant, who inaugurated in France the anarchist terror by throwing into Parliament a bomb which killed no one, but for which he was guillotined.

The Spanish Government declares in vain that Ferrer was not tried or condemned for teaching anarchy—"the truth, as he saw it"—in his modern schools, nor for indirectly preparing the Barcelona insurrection, nor for any other "political crime" or *délit d'opinion*, as the demonstrators universally assert. He was condemned and executed for direct participation in acts which even *Le Radical* newspaper of Paris, before his trial warned his friends "excite universal reprobation"; for which reason, perhaps, they are now ignored. The new Moret ministry has begun by renewing the promise of Señor Maura that all the evidence in the case shall be published. Without prejudging what this may be, it is certainly unfair to ignore the perfectly well known record of Ferrer both in France and Spain.

Self-educated (which is to his credit as a man, but not as a thinker reforming others), he began in Paris as a teacher of Spanish at the Grand Orient of the Freemasons. For whatever reason, his wife left him and took with her their two daughters, who have been brought up without his influence and support. One earns a few francs a day as a working woman; the other is a promising actress. It is the two infant children of the former whom the Socialist Board of the Municipal Council of Paris probably wishes the city to adopt, although it has paid no attention to the needy widow and children of the Paris policeman killed in the Ferrer riot. The daughter of Ferrer who petitioned King Alfonso's clemency for her father, has taken care to write to the newspapers that the friends with whom she has now taken refuge do not share his opinions. The comic note in the tragedy is furnished by the address of Liverpool Nonconformists, condoling with the "wife and family" of the executed man. The picturesque and even heroic woman who appeared with him at the end in Spain never professed to be his wife, nor did his teachings make it proper that she should.

In Paris Ferrer as Spanish teacher met the unmarried French woman of means who, at her death, bequeathed him a house and revenues estimated at 750,000 francs. Her executor, M. Coppola, referring to the Paris notary with whom the will was deposited, M. Tabouret, now comes forward to say that her intention was to found in Barcelona an infant asylum, and not to subsidize the anarchist schools to which Ferrer applied the money; and that, as her instructions were contained in private letters and not in the will itself, it was impossible to prosecute him for abuse of confidence. She did profess the Catholic religion in her will, and leave a bequest for masses for her soul.

For his propaganda Ferrer issued in Spain translations of the popular primers of Reclus, Kropotkin, Jean Grave, and Charles Malato, who was his closest friend in France. Whatever may be the sincerity, high personal character, scientific acquirements, labor, and simplicity of life of such men, it is impossible to blink the outcome of their teachings in practice. In France they were marked by a train of bomb explosions and blood from Vaillant to Emile Henry. It must be a singular vision which sees better things in the still longer succession of Barcelona bombs, fire, and bloodshed. The explosion which killed its score of innocent bystanders at the King's marriage, and stained red the bridal robe, was also traced directly to one who had been domestic, secretary, or school-teacher of Ferrer.

Up to the present writing, fifty-nine French municipal councils have resolved to name a street in honor of Ferrer. In Paris, on Sunday, the 31st, the University Association of Republican Students, with the Dreyfus League of the Rights of Man, the Popular Universities, Socialist Youth, and numerous Masonic lodges, under the National Federation of Free Thought, are to place a monument of Ferrer just in front of the great memorial church of the Sacred Heart. The Freemasons of Troyes have asked the French Grand Orient to begin a movement for placing his statue over against the Vatican in Rome; and Mayor Nathan of Rome, where he was long Italian Grand Orient, has officially eulogized Ferrer and blamed his execution in violent terms, although Barcelona nuns have not interested him. Yesterday the German Socialist organ—*Vorwaerts*—declared that "the heroes (not the nuns) fallen at Barcelona have not died in vain." In France the General Federation of Labor, in various meetings and resolutions, even proposes the Barcelona insurrection as an example to French workmen.

Camille Pelletan and the Radical Socialist politicians have found their sorely needed electioneering issue for next May in the renewal of anti-Clericalism excited by the execution of Ferrer. In England Primitive Methodists and the Congregational Union have voted their preference of Ferrer, atheist and anarchist, to Roman Catholic Christianity. Who has led all these otherwise discordant bands? S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In gathering first editions of American authors Frank Maier has covered a broader field than most other collectors. His collection, the first part of which will be dispersed by the Anderson Auction Company on November 16 and 17, and the second part on November 22 and 23, contains several volumes of colonial verse, the most important being "The Poems on several Occasions by Aquila Rose," printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1740. Rose was a printer in the shop of William Bradford, and was also clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly. He died in 1723. His poems were collected by his son, Joseph Rose, who was apprenticed to Franklin. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of June 21 to 28, 1739, there is a notice signed by him to the effect that he was intending "to collect and print the poetical writings" of his father, and asking "all persons who are possess'd of any of those pieces in manuscript to bring them to" him, promising "to give in return for each manuscript, one of the printed collections, as soon as they shall be finished." The Maier copy of the book was secured at the Proud sale in 1903, where it brought $250. No other copy seems to have come upon the market in recent years. Other early volumes are Mather Byles's "Poem on the Death of King George" (Boston, 1727); Benjamin Church's "The Choice" (Boston, 1757); Thomas Godfrey's "Juvenile Poems" (Philadelphia, 1765); "The Patriots of North America," a Tory tract in rhyme, printed in New York by James Rivington in 1775; novels by Charles Brockden Brown; a long series of plays by William Dunlap, and first editions of poetical volumes by Freneau, Peter Markoe, Mrs. Morton, and others.

Of interest to a larger number of collectors, and often of much greater value, are the first editions of the great authors who, about the middle of the nineteenth century, took the position they still hold. The Bryant collection (ninety-seven lots) includes "The Embargo" (1809), "Poems" (1821), and "The White-footed Deer" (1844). The Emerson collection (ninety lots) includes "The Historical Discourse before the Citizens of Concord" (1836), "Nature" (1836), "Essays" (1841), and "Poems" (1847). Among the Hawthorne rarities are "Fanshawe" (1828, the copy which brought the record price of $840 in Boston in October, 1902), "The Gentle Boy" (1839), "The Sister Years" (1839), "The Celestial Railroad" (1843), and the little children's books "Famous Old People" (1841), "Liberty Tree" (1841), and "Grandfather's Chair" (1841). The Holmes collection begins with the six numbers of the *Collegian*, containing twenty-four poems by Holmes.

Some special Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe

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items (the most important of the collection) will be noted next week.

On November 18 and 19 the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection of standard books, including first editions of Oscar Wilde and other modern authors, a series of books from the Ephrata press, a first edition of the Sauer Bible (1743), etc.

On November 17, 18, and 19 the Merwin Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection including the library of Daniel Kaine of Uniontown, Pa. But few, if any, items of note are included.

The following are some of the most important records at the sale of the second part of the J. C. Chamberlain collection, held at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company on November 4 and 5: T. B. Aldrich's "Père Antoine's Date Palm" (1866), two presentation copies, the one given to B. H. Ticknor bringing $76, and the one given to Bayard Taylor bringing $85; Aldrich's "Pansy Wish" (1870), put in type by two girls, and two editions printed for sale at two different fairs in Boston, first issue, with A. L. S. of Aldrich, $70, second edition, with these two words in the author's autograph on front cover, $31; Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828), $350; Longfellow's "Outre Mer" (1833-1834), the very rare original issue in two parts, in paper covers, as issued, but top of the cover and three leaves of Part I injured by mice, $310; Lowell's "Poems" (1844), removed from binding and cleaned, $60; R. H. Stoddard's "Footprints" (1849), a thin pamphlet, his first volume of poems, suppressed by the author, $150; and Whitman's "Two Rivulets," etc., Camden, 1876, with many manuscript corrections for a new edition, $137.50. Many old books sold low, the large paper copy of Lowell's "Poems" being a real bargain. The Brown University duplicate copy, which sold in 1901, for $150, resold in the first Chamberlain sale last winter for 3330.

Correspondence.

SHIP BUILDING SUBSIDIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the present agitation for government subsidies to aid our mercantile marine, the following facts may be interesting to your readers.

In 1886 the International Navigation Company, then operating the American line (with four American and four English ships) between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and the Red Star Line (with all ships under the Belgian flag), between Antwerp and New York and Antwerp and Philadelphia, bought out the well-known Inman (English) line, running between Liverpool and New York. In 1892 Congress, influenced by the clamors of the subsidy hunters, repealed the navigation laws in favor of two of the newest and fastest ships of the International Company (the City of New York and City of Paris). One of the conditions of this transfer from the English to the American flag was that the International Company should build an equal amount of tonnage in American yards.

At the same time, the government granted these boats a subsidy of $4 per mile for carrying the mails, a much higher rate than the British government ever paid.

In March, 1893, a new service was inaugurated by the International Company between New York and Southampton, called the American Line, and patriotic Americans were assured that at last they had a transatlantic line of their own in every respect. How far this was correct can be judged from the following facts: Capt. Frederick Watkins, the commander of the City of Paris (or Paris, as she was called when transferred to the American flag), was an Englishman who had been in the employ of the Inman Line since 1862. When his ship changed flags, in order to retain his command and, at the same time, comply with the American laws, he became an American citizen by naturalization. Fully ninety per cent. of the officers and crews of this and the other ships were foreigners also. In 1895 the now well-known St. Louis and St. Paul were built for this line by the Cramps at Philadelphia. They were "to beat everything afloat," but so far have never broken a record. After her accident in 1899, the Paris was renamed the Philadelphia. She was rebuilt at the Irish ship yard of Harland & Wolf, Belfast; and here it is edifying to note that when Congress was originally applied to for a subsidy to the American line, one of the reasons given was the help to the American shipbuilding industry. The repairs of the Philadelphia in Ireland must indeed have been a great help to our shipbuilders. From 1895 to the present day, while other companies have been continually building new ships, the American Line has not added a single new vessel to its fleet; but this, it is to be supposed, matters but little to them, as they have long been under the sheltering wing of that polyglot combine called the International Mercantile Marine Company (better known as "Morgan's Shipping Trust").

In 1902 the Shipping Trust had built by the Cramp Shipbuilding Company at Philadelphia two steamers for their Red Star Line, the Kroonland and the Finland. Last year these boats, and this year another one called the Samland (also owned by the Shipping Trust), were transferred from the American to the Belgian flag, the reason given being "that it was too expensive to run them under the American flag." To the initiated, however, this is only another scheme to try and influence Congress to grant our mercantile marine subsidies.

Francis B. C. Bradlee.

Marblehead, Mass., October 24.

[It is but fair to say that the Paris, after her wreck on the English coast, could not have recrossed the ocean for repairs on this side. Otherwise we think that the points of this letter are well made.—Ed. Nation.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—DOCTOR AND GENTLEMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of the most pleasing diversions of a desultory traveller in England is found in the book shops. It makes little difference whether one strays into a great London house, where rare volumes and hand-tooled works are a delight to sense and sight, or into a low-ceiled room in a crooked Oxford lane, where the oldest, the newest, the best of the world's literature is heaped together, or into some unfamed, dim-lit shop where the stranger becomes a guest having once passed the threshold.

At the stationer's at Ilkley-on-the-Wharf I stumbled upon a British edition of "The Autocrat." Nothing, I am sure, would have given more pleasure to Dr. Holmes than to have placed this little book upon his shelves. In justice to Mr. Chesterton, who has given us in the introduction his critical analysis of Dr. Holmes as doctor and gentleman, it should have a place among the ana of the autocrat and humorist; and in justice, moreover, to Mr. Blakeney, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has annotated the text with such fidelity to British opinion, who has chased the vagrant thoughts of the author to the uttermost recesses of the University Library, and impaled them so inflexibly that not even through the genius of the man who dared not write as funny as he could, would it be possible to make them live again.

I had been loitering over the book shelves here, hoping to find some old friend or new acquaintance to take with me over the moor, and when this attractive volume came to hand I paid Dr. Holmes the respect of opening it, intending to read a few words and lay it aside. But some happy instinct directed my hand to the last pages of the book; for a moment only a column of indistinguishable "notes" met my eye, then from this wealth of information a single line took shape and meaning:

Note 48, Somerville, mad-house near Boston.

I couldn't place Dr. Holmes's allusion to the city across the Charles, but I at once understood why the ancestral residence of some aristocratic friends of that town is now found at Winter Hill. My curiosity was aroused; what might I not find to bear this company! I turned a leaf and was rewarded by this ingenuous bit, which followed notes on "Linnæus," "Infelix Dido," "Gil Blas," "Disraeli," and "Great Pedlington:

Note 74, "that fair sheet," *i. e.*, Frog Pond on Boston Common. As the "Autocrat's" boarding house was in Boston, he naturally found the local names and associations of the place sufficient for his use.

That decided me; I had found something old *and* something new; right cheerfully I gave up my half-crown, pocketed my find, and hastened to a sheltering cairn on the moor-side, where I could explore this mine of brilliants at my leisure.

Mr. Blakeney's "Note 74" is especially delightful, because not one-tenth of the three hundred and fifty notes has reference to any colloquialisms. The bulk of the forty pages deals with translations, quotation, and "what Dr. Holmes had in mind." But if the quantity of strictly American notes leaves something to be desired, the quality, I believe, is unsurpassed. I pass over the mere pleasantries to seize this comment on "The One Hoss Shay":

Note 285, "Hahnsum Kerridge": surely an anachronism. The patent for "Hansom Cabs" was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date, 1810, given here.

And with careful regard for *all* the facts a footnote is added:

So named from the inventor, Hansom, architect of Birmingham town-hall.

Not wishing to dim the brilliancy of this gem by heaping lesser lights about it, I turned to the beginning of the book and

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there discovered the introduction, a joyous effort of Mr. Chesterton's to explain Dr. Holmes to the British public. So far as I could gather from later investigation the public accepted the explanation with the same complaisance as it showed to the "anachronism" of the "Hahnsum Kerridge." Possibly this exposition of how a man may be a doctor and yet be a gentleman is too entirely British to be properly appreciated on this side of the water, but the presentation of Oliver Wendell Holmes as the literary voice of the South cannot fail to arouse enthusiasm.

"General and fantastic," says Mr. Chesterton, "as was the characteristic writing of Oliver Wendell Holmes, there was at least one element in it which was really dominant and consistent, and that was the influence of his profession. A good doctor is by the nature of things a man who needs only the capricious gift of style to make him an amusing author. For a doctor is almost the only man who combines a very great degree of inevitable research and theoretic knowledge with a very great degree of opportunism. He unites, as it were, the exact virtues of a botanist with the wilder virtues of a commercial traveller. . . . The result of this fusion is a certain quaint wisdom, a certain variegated experience, and sudden synthesis which is preëminently characteristic of Holmes. This is preëminently characteristic of him, and it is characteristic of the one other man in literary history who bears a curious resemblance to him. Sir Thomas Browne was also a physician, he was also a fantastic, he was also a humorist and devout philosopher. In him also we have the same bewildering ingenuity of allusion and comparison, the same saturnalia of specialism, the same topsy-turvydom of learning."

Just here, Mr. Chesterton catches a comparatively long breath—several lines—before his superlatively adjectivized utterances get the better of him and he loses himself in "luminous mysticism" and "Elsie Venner." However, he recovers in time to assure us that "It would be false and exaggerative in the last degree to speak as if Holmes's warm-hearted rationalism threw him into antagonism either with the Christian churches or with the Declaration of Independence." We wonder if Mr. Chesterton could possibly have come across that schoolroom perversion recorded by Mark Twain: "Oliver Wendell Holmes is a very profligate writer."

But no, Mr. Chesterton has really a high opinion of "Wendell Holmes."

"Of all American writers," asserts Mr. Chesterton, "he is the least democratic; he is not only the doctor, he is very decidedly the professional man, the gentleman. In American literature, indeed, he may be said to be, not by actual birth or politics, but by spirit, the one literary voice of the South. He bears far more resemblance to that superb kingless aristocracy that hurled itself on the guns at Gettysburg or died around Stonewall Jackson, than to Hawthorne, who was a Puritan mystic, or Lowell, who was a Puritan pamphleteer, or Whitman, who was a Puritan suddenly converted to Christianity. . . . This war of Holmes against everything that hurt that liberality and dignity of living which we summarize in the word gentleman was really a fine thing finely done, a thing needed everywhere, especially in a new country. Still, the fact remains that the union in Holmes of a gay impatience with theologians and a gay impatience with cads is, looked at from another point of view, an evidence of that tendency of all fine *naturalistic thought towards oligarchy*."

Did Mr. Chesterton "have in mind" when he expressed himself thus emphatically that a surgeon of the old country may also be very decidedly the professional man (so may the hair-dresser), but that only individually is the doctor accepted as a gentleman? As a consequence of this a gay impatience with cads is not one of his characteristics, and he refrains from using his title of M.D. except under strictly professional circumstances, although it is more than probable that his naturalistic thought is all towards oligarchy. But let Mr. Chesterton have the last word, for in summing up he thinks best to qualify somewhat. "In fact," writes he, "there are characteristics in Holmes's books which, when recalled, make me think I have been too sweeping in my reference to the aristocratic flavor of his work." M. L. ANDREWS.

Providence, R. I., November 3.

A FORGOTTEN SOCIOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the fervid discussion caused by Prof. Henry Jones Ford's article on "The Pretensions of Sociology" (*Nation*, April 29), it may not be without interest to recall the work of a Virginian who used the word "sociology" in his writing just one year after the publication of Harriet Martineau's translation of the great Positivist's works appeared, and who used the phrase "social science" with a certainty and assurance which many workers in the same domain to-day have longed for and have not seen. Two books were written by George Fitzhugh, a citizen of Port Royal, Va.: "Sociology for the South" which appeared in 1854, and in 1857 a volume with the somewhat startling title, "Cannibals All," to which is added a secondary name, "Slaves Without Masters." Both of these books were published by Adolphus Morris and were printed in Richmond.

The theme of the volumes is the same: the failure of individualistic society. In the first chapter of "Sociology for the South" Mr. Fitzhugh attacks the theory of free trade, so popular in the South of that period, and at the same time hews at that other darling doctrine of the followers of Jefferson, who held that the least government is the best government. The maxims, "Laissez-faire" and "Pas trop gouverner" are the foundation of democratic society, thought the author, and upon them he dealt his most valiant blows. Mr. Fitzhugh held that society is the creator of the individual. His words are:

> He (man) and society are congenital. Society is the being—he one of the members of that being. He has no rights whatever as opposed to the interests of society; and that society may very properly make any use of him that will redound to the public good. Whatever rights he has are subordinate to the good of the whole, and he has never ceded rights to it, for he was born its slave, and had no rights to cede. Government is the creature of society, and may be said to derive its just powers from the consent of the governed; but that government does not owe its sovereign power to the separate consent, volition, or agreement of its members.

Upon these words as a foundation, with the additional idea of the State as the depository of sovereignty rather than the Federal government, his whole structure is reared. Examining society from this angle with the aid of socialistic literature, he found government based on individualism a failure. In England, in Europe, in the Northern States, he thought this universally and inevitably true, since these societies were built upon the conceptions of liberty and unrestrained competition. In his thinking the "Iron Law of Wages" was approximated. In the closing chapter of the "Sociology for the South," he puts it in these words: "Free society is theoretically impracticable, because its friends admit that in all old countries the supply of labor exceeds the demand. Hence a part of the laboring class must be out of employment and starving, and in their struggle to get employment reducing those next above them to the minimum that will support existence." In the first chapter of the same book he likewise came close to the theory of natural selection as a result of severe economic competition, but he failed to see any progress, nor did he christen his doctrine evolution. With him it was all destructive; the strong overcoming the less strong, the weak the weaker, with no upward tendency.

From the socialists came his proof of widespread economic failure of competition. Carlyle's passionate cry, "We must have a new world if we are to have any world at all," rings out again and again through the pages of "Sociology for the South" and of the later "Cannibals All." Stephen Pearl Andrews, Horace Greeley, and William Lloyd Garrison in this country furnished him with background, while St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, Fanny Wright, and others less noteworthy across the ocean contributed to his views. But he had his own method of treatment of the ailment, and his originality consists in the association of Socialism and slavery; for as he viewed things in a slave society, the evils complained of under free competition were never found. In domestic slavery was the secret of salvation. That institution united labor and capital, since labor was capital. Then Mr. Fitzhugh, looking on slavery as it was natural for a kindly Virginia gentleman to see it, conceived of slaves as members of the larger family, and domestic affection seemed to him so to unite slave and master that the cruel antagonism of employer and employee was impossible. Under domestic slavery, as he saw it, the "Iron Law of Wages" was never operative. The master cared for the slave because the slave was his own, and thus the cares and anxieties of the wage-earner were escaped.

Mr. Fitzhugh also contributed a few articles to the *New York Day Book*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *De Bow's Review*, and to other papers and magazines. In 1856 he lectured successfully at Yale on the failure of individualism, and it is interesting to note that late in the same year William Lloyd Garrison published a long communication from him in the *Liberator*. The war between the States ended his literary career, decreeing as it did another state of society than that for which he argued. WILLIAM LUDLOW CHENERY.

Hull House, Chicago, Ill., November 3.

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LLOYD-GEORGE'S "SOCIAL DYNAMITE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on "Troubled English Politics" in the *Nation* of October 28, you quote certain rather rhetorical sentences of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as specimens of "social dynamite." Divested of rhetoric, the dynamite seems to lie in the charge that the ownership of the larger part of Great Britain is in the hands of a few people who draw an immense income from the proceeds of the enterprise and labor of the nation, without rendering any equivalent service; and that the House of Lords is a political anomaly. In other words, Mr. Lloyd-George points to two obvious pieces of injustice, one of them, namely, the control of the rental of the land in the interest of non-producers, a crying outrage that rests like a yoke upon the necks of many millions of poor people. Surely the *Nation* does not wish to imply that the people of England ought to endure these injustices? But if the Chancellor sees certain great political and social wrongs, oppressing his people, why should he not frankly talk about them? Through many years of reading the *Nation*, I have not been accustomed to liken telling the truth to the throwing of dynamite. But perhaps the *Nation* wishes to suggest that the truth is a kind of dynamite, and will prevail. CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., November 3.

CAMBRIDGE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now, when there is so much comment upon ex-President Eliot's assertion that a five-foot shelf of the right books might prove as royal a road to a liberal education as attendance in university classrooms, it is interesting to recall the expression of a somewhat similar opinion in sturdy Roger Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1563-8), written in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. Ascham, of course, wrote before many of our English classics had come into being; when, as yet, neither Spenser nor Shakespeare had produced anything. He was thoroughly versed in Greek and Latin literature—the test of scholarship in his time—as the "Scholemaster" amply testifies. The following passage, taken from "the second booke teachyng the ready way to the Latin tong," contains his list of essential masterpieces, which, in view of his and Mr. Cheke's important connections with St. John's College, might be termed, by analogy, the Cambridge Classics:

> If a good student would bend him selfe to read diligently ouer Tullie (Cicero), and with him also at the same tyme, as diligently *Plato*, and *Xenophon*, with his bookes of Philosophie, *Isocrates*, and *Demosthenes*, with his orations, and *Aristotle* with his Rhetorickes: which fiue of all other, be those, whom *Tullie* best loued, and specially followed. . . . What perfite knowledge of both the tonges, what right and deepe judgement in all kinde of learnyng would follow, is scarse credible to be beleued.
>
> These bookes, be not many, nor long, nor rude in speach, nor meane in matter, but next the Maiestie of Gods holie word, most worthie for a man, the louer of learning and honestie, to spend his life in. Yea, I haue heard worthie *M. Cheke* many tymes say: I would haue a good student passe and iorney through all Authors both *Greke* and *Latin:* but he that will dwell in these few bookes onelie: first, in Gods holie Bible, and than ioyne with it, *Tullie* in *Latin, Plato, Aristotle: Xenophon: Isocrates:* and *Demosthenes* in *Greke:* must nedes proue an excellent man.

DOROTHY FOSTER.

South Hadley, Mass., November 4.

Literature.

CLEVELAND: AN INTIMATE VIEW.

Recollections of Grover Cleveland. By George F. Parker. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

This book is properly named. There is a preliminary sketch of Cleveland's life before he became a national figure, and hardly any really important event of his career goes entirely unmentioned: but the book is not a biography. It is a *mémoire pour servir*—and a very good one. Every future biographer of Cleveland will be much indebted to it.

Mr. Parker's own recollections amply justify him in making the book. He prepared (in the White House) the "Democratic Campaign Text-Book" of 1888, collected and edited, with Cleveland's consent and coöperation, his "Writings and Speeches," and wrote the campaign "Life" of 1892. He knew Cleveland long and well, evidently enjoyed his confidence, and kept all along the note-taking habit of an old-fashioned editor. But his are not the only recollections the book contains. Others of Cleveland's friends have contributed to his store, and perhaps the most valuable of all are certain of Cleveland's own, given from time to time in conversation, dealing with some of the most interesting episodes of his career and with the best-known of his contemporaries. And yet, although thoroughly reminiscential, the book is not light and gossipy, or of a newspaper or magazine flavor, but a careful presentment of a great public character as seen by his intimates. Interesting as it is, considered merely as the revelation of a strong personality, it deserves to be treated as a contribution to history and a serious study of the personal factors in some extremely important political happenings.

The tone and attitude throughout is admiring, respectful, almost reverential; and possibly the book is open to criticism on the score of not being sufficiently critical. Cleveland is nowhere much dispraised, and seldom found seriously at fault. But the effect is not of adulation. There is no attempt to endow him with gifts and qualities he did not possess, or to invest him with any kind of sanctity. The defects in his equipment, due to his meagre education and the suddenness of his rise, are candidly dealt with. It is admitted, for instance, that he had not the art of managing and directing legislative bodies—although the admission is, to be true, coupled with the explanation that he never felt that to be a part of his business as an executive. His inability to get on with newspaper men is likewise confessed; but the description of his unbending independence in this regard sounds more like praise than blame:

> He would neither court any man, nor permit any man to court or flatter him, and this, of course, was the fundamental reason why, as a public man, he would have nothing to do with newspaper editors or proprietors. . . . He not only would not go out of his way to invite such men to luncheons or dinners or to social occasions, but he would not do so at all. If this method was suggested, he would reject such overtures with a positiveness that shortened many an interview.

And he quotes Cleveland himself as saying, late in life:

> I simply could not and would not use these methods to ingratiate myself with the editors or owners of newspapers. I realized fully the fate that I invited, but I looked upon my table or my parlor as my own, places reserved for my friends and for the congenial men whom they might send to me, and not proper means for bringing me support for public acts or policies.

Yet he admitted that such methods had become "accepted as a necessary way for moving public opinion." The unreasonable man did probably understand fairly well the game he declined to play! It is not improbable that with a little coaching he could even have been made to see the particular advantage of favoring the press with interviews and outgivings on Sunday, rather than any other day of the week.

This is by no means the only respect in which the old-fashioned quality of Cleveland's integrity is brought out in these pages, as in all the more intimate accounts of him we have. Sometimes one is moved to admit that it became sheer obstinacy, and a fault. For instance, he never learned to dictate to a stenographer with any facility, but wrote everything of importance with his own hand—a practice which, of course, kept him overworked at times when he needed to spare his strength. To have suffered since his day from a too-ready acceptance of stenographic aid to expression in the White House does not permit us to condone this neglect of labor-saving devices in a President who found composition difficult and considered it necessary to think before any kind of utterance. His method with state papers and public speeches was, in fact, extremely laborious. He not only, as a rule, made two or three drafts with his own hand, but he was too loath to accept help in any form more positive than mere criticism. Criticism he always sought, for he was painfully aware of his deficiencies of training as a writer; but he carried his independence so far that, as Mr. Parker puts it, "he must think himself original, whether he was or not," and would always "plug along," as he himself phrased it, in his "blun-

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dering way," sometimes unconsciously absorbing suggestions which he had at first seemingly rejected. This kind of stubbornness was also, we must probably consider, a fault, and blameworthy. Indeed, his chief failing as a public man, as a fighter for great causes, lay, doubtless, in the very stiffness of his integrity, in his lack of suavity and agility, in his utter inability to be all things to all men—or, rather, to be either more or less than he was, or other than he was, to anybody.

But lest the stressing of this characteristic prove misleading, there should be set beside it another fact, which Mr. Parker makes clearer than any one else has ever made it; the fact, namely, that Cleveland was, by training as well as instinct, a far better politician than has been commonly supposed. He himself is quoted as saying:

> Before I reached my majority I had begun work in the capacity of what would now be called a practical politician. I had no aspiration to be a boss, even if either the word or the thing had then been known; but I only followed the custom of my time in taking my place at the polls and distributing ballots to all those who asked for them, using my influence to convince the wavering or to confirm those who belonged to my household of faith. . . . From 1858 until my election as Mayor, in 1881, I went to the polls, took my place, ballots in hand, as a voluntary helper to my party and its candidates.

And again:

> I have been amused, since I entered the larger public life, in 1882, at the spirit of patronage with which I have been treated by the so-called politicians. Somehow there seems to have been an impression that I was dealing with something I did not understand; but these men little knew how thoroughly I had been trained, and how I often laughed in my sleeve at their antics. From the beginning I never felt at a loss in dealing with them, because I knew that, back of the machinery with which they screened themselves, there was still a great and interested mass of people who did not wait for permission to form their opinions.

Cleveland's chief political gift and power lay precisely in his ability to reach and sway that "great and interested mass of people" which the machine men could not control, and his disregard and defiance of the machines may be considered as not merely an expression of his independence, but an essential feature of his political method. His was deep-sea fishing. The machine men thought him a poor politician, because his method was not theirs, because they did not understand him as he understood them. After praising, in the highest terms, William C. Whitney's work in 1892, in the fight for Cleveland's third nomination, Mr. Parker remarks that, although most of the effective "anti-snapper" moves of that year were accredited to Whitney, who, with all his ability "had the defects of the training incident to New York politics," most of them were, in fact, suggested by Cleveland himself. Through a prodigious personal correspondence, and through many "voluntary and intelligent agents," he kept in closer touch than any of his friends and advisers with the really controlling, because honest and independent, public opinion of the country. Again and again, when, contrary to his friends' advice, he took some bold and decided course, the event proved his judgment to have been better than theirs. It was so with his speech before the Boston Merchants' Association, in the autumn of 1888, which made the beginning of his recovery from defeat. It was so with the Ellery Anderson letter, against free silver, in 1891. It was so with his utter refusal to make any kind of terms with Croker. It was so, in the long run, with the single-topic message of 1887.

No contribution Mr. Parker makes to our understanding of Cleveland is more valuable than this; and no part of the book is better reading than the account of the preliminary campaign of 1892, of which Mr. Parker himself probably knew more than any other one man who had a part in it. He describes it thus:

> It was the oddest of campaigns. Its most curious and unusual feature was the comparative absence of men close to the party machine. In every State, except Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, our original correspondents and advisers were men not known in active management, either then or since. In many States, in fact in most, the machine was a persistent, often a malignant, enemy. If there ever was a movement which derived both its origin and its strength from the people, it was this one, with no organization behind it, or anything except the personality of a man who, having espoused an idea, thus made real appeal to popular sentiment.
>
> Nor was its conduct, so far as correspondence was concerned, anything like so difficult or intricate as might have been supposed. Letters were continually coming in to me, making report of local conditions in many States, but it must also be recalled that others were arriving in still greater numbers to Mr. Cleveland, and that these were common property. . . .
>
> Once started, the movement ran itself, gathering momentum without concerted effort or central direction. Even the most efficient State boss, if the coöperation of such an one could have been imagined, would have been wholly lost in the overmastering, irresistible public sentiment to which it was early possible to make appeal. It was not only public sentiment to which appeal could be made, but by this time the most effective, because a thoroughly popular machine had been constructed—exclusively a Cleveland machine, having only the smallest connection with anything that was in existence at the close of the first term, or with the official organization of the party in even so much as one State.
>
> As this organization grew without the use of money, or the intervention of any recognized leader, new or old, or anything resembling routine or conscious management, it becomes, as an historical fact, as spontaneous, and in its final results and conduct—the management at headquarters in 1892—perhaps as artistic as any known to American experience. Its motive power was not new: it was merely the application to the country at large, on modified lines—though without money to sustain or promote it—of the methods so successfully employed in New York a few years earlier by Samuel J. Tilden. Without definite plans to be followed, it brought to the front the best men of the party, who, interested in politics, but more in a man and a cause, without personal ambitions of their own, did their work and passed off the political scene.

This was written of the earlier stages of the movement, before Mr. Whitney, on his return from Europe in the spring of 1892, put himself at the head of it. The account of it from that time on, in which all the chief actors are named and their parts described, is even more intensely interesting to the student of the politics of the period. There was the secret conference of leaders from all parts of the Union, except the Pacific Coast, at Mr. Whitney's house, on June 9, which blocked out the programme for the impending convention; the adjourned meeting at Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, on June 17; and the carrying through of the programme, in all essentials, under Whitney's masterly and masterful management, up to the final triumph when the roll was called in the early morning hours of June 23. It is an inspiring story, with its revelation of what can be accomplished by candid and intelligent patriotism under our party system as it is. One cannot help hoping, in spite of all the changes in the Democratic party since that day, that something of the same kind may yet again be accomplished within its lines.

To that hope Cleveland held with characteristic stubbornness. He believed in the party system, and his devotion to his own party was not less strong and sincere because it was also the high love that would not condone wanderings from principle. In what is perhaps the best letter in the book, written in March, 1908, to an old Democratic friend and comrade, E. Prentiss Bailey of the Utica *Herald*, he protested that he could still see light ahead for Democracy. Although he had for years thought Judge George Gray of Delaware the best man to lead the party, his hopes at that moment were centred on the lamented Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, behind whom the best element in the party seemed to be at last forming for some real resistance to Bryanism. "I do not want you to suppose," he wrote, "that a feeling of pessimism toward political affairs is habitual with me. On the contrary, such a condition of mind is quite infrequent and so temporary that it yields quickly to a better mood and a settled conviction that our party before many years will march from the darkness to the full light of

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glorious achievement." He foresaw that, if Bryan were named again, the party would be in great danger of losing its "distinctive issue" of tariff reform. "If we fail this year," he said about the same time, "the Republicans will take up the question in such a way that we cannot hope to recover our ownership of it. That they will tinker with it, is certain. They have played with the currency problem, but, in doing so, have deprived us of power to appeal to the country on the large lines inherent in the principles for which our party has always stood." He saw, in fact, quite as clearly as any mind in the country, the entire drift of his party away from its right course, which is also its only really hopeful course. Since his hopefulness was coupled with such clear-sightedness, it may be taken as a good reason for hopefulness by such as to-day hold fast to the tenets for which he stood.

The chapters in which Mr. Parker sets forth what those tenets were, giving intelligently the main lines of Cleveland's political philosophy, constitute the soliest part of the book. They embrace his views on economic questions, particularly finance, taxation, and the regulation of public carriers; on the civil service and patronage; on party; on legislation in general, and on the courts; and one is again and again surprised to see how often he anticipates the sounder conclusions, while avoiding the errors and extravagances, of those who have ruled us since his day. His "blundering way" of studying public questions patiently and ploddingly, with directness and simplicity, brought him to astonishingly few blunders in the final expressions of opinion.

But, doubtless, the chapters given over to his judgments of his contemporaries will have, for most readers, a livelier interest. Such as may still persist in thinking him a man of ordinary or less than ordinary acuteness and perspicacity, raised by mere good luck above the heads of brighter men—once a not uncommon opinion—will find here yet other surprises. He seems to have been, for instance, about the first man in the country to perceive Mr. Roosevelt's ability and dexterity as a politician, and his overpowering ambition. So far was he from being governed, as was supposed, by a bitter antagonism to David B. Hill; that he praised and admired Hill's administration as Governor of New York and utterly repudiated the suspicion that he was guilty of treachery to the national ticket in 1888, Hill's success that year being due to causes which Cleveland thoroughly understood. Hill, on his part, remarked at the time to Alton B. Parker:

> This ends me as a Presidential candidate. . . . Nothing will ever convince the party that I was not to blame in some way, either direct or mysterious, for the result in this State which showed my election and the defeat of the Presidential ticket with Mr. Cleveland at its head.

Cleveland had a high admiration for Charles J. Folger, his unfortunate opponent for the Governorship in 1882, and with him, as with all his other opponents and rivals, utterly declined to employ, or to consent that others should employ, attacks of a personal nature. For Harrison also, he felt much admiration, praising particularly his judicial appointments, which he felt that he himself had been quite unable to match; and he liked McKinley. With certain of his associates in the great Democratic revival of his time, he formed ties of the strongest friendship—particularly with William L. Wilson, and Carlisle, and other members of his Cabinets, with George Gray, and with both the versatile and lovable John E. Russell, and the young and brilliant and clear-headed William E. Russell, of Massachusetts. The admiration and love which he and Thomas F. Bayard, rivals for the Democratic nomination in 1884, scon came to have for each other was, perhaps, the finest comradeship in all our political history. Each declared, years after the 1884 convention, his continued amazement at the idea of his being opposed as a rival to such a man as the other. But, perhaps, the best instance of Cleveland's clear vision concerning men, as well as politics, is a reflection on his own career. Says Mr. Parker:

> He often expressed the opinion that while men like himself, without experience or aspiration, who had been preferred for high places, were forced to overcome many hardships from lack of knowledge of the larger conditions, the type of men under discussion (men whose whole lives had been given to seeking office after office, with the Presidency as a goal) had become, as it were, *blasé* in politics, had formed so many connections all along the line of ascent, incurred obligations to so many sorts of people, and weakened themselves by so many intrigues and compromises, that they could seldom command a nomination, much less an election.

The single error of fact we have noticed is the statement that Cleveland's speech of acceptance in Madison Square Garden was his only public appearance in the campaign of 1892. Some weeks later, he addressed a convention of Democratic clubs in New York city.

There is an index, a chronology, and a negligible bibliography.

CURRENT FICTION.

Abaft the Funnel. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

Actions and Reactions. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Also published in the Outward Bound Edition of Chas. Scribner's Sons.

These two volumes, published almost at the same moment, enforce the contrast between the earlier and the later Kipling. The first is a gleaning of hitherto uncollected papers—stories and sketches—contributed to Anglo-Indian periodicals in the years 1888-1890; at the very hour, that is, when the name of a young journalist began to be heard round the world. The second contains the latest fiction and verse of a seasoned and successful writer, who has long been able to work deliberately and upon his own terms.

Inquiry reveals "Abaft the Funnel" to be what it seems, an exhumation of material which Kipling had doubtless reckoned safely buried in the files of the Allahabad *Pioneer* or elsewhere. The present publisher's claim of copyright, even, would seem to be idle, since Doubleday, Page & Co. are announcing their intention to print at once "a library book" made up of precisely the same stories—to be sold at a cut-throat price. Doubleday, Page & Co. regard the book as a piece of literary scavengering, but admit shyly, after announcing their own publication of the tales, that "several critics have given their opinion that they contain some very characteristic samples of Kipling's early work." They do. They contain the crude substance of the Kipling, who, in his young twenties, took the world by storm. The "Plain Tales" and the other early volumes were made up of precisely such stories as these—many of them written hastily as newspaper fillers.

But all that Kipling saw fit to put into book form underwent careful revision. The thirty papers collected under the title "Abaft the Funnel" stand as they originally came from his hurried pen. Most of them are sketches rather than tales, and of slight intrinsic value. There is an amusing skit called "Chatauquaed," the nature of which will be gathered from the title; and there are two Anglo-Indian tales "Sleipner, late Thurinda," in the vein of "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "A Supplementary Chapter," concerning Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe. Finally, there is "The Last of the Stories," in which the world-weary author represents himself as interviewing, under the devil's ciceronage, the characters he has created—the chief persons in "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," and "Under the Deodars," and bidding them a last farewell. This was written in 1888; Kipling was then in his twenty-fourth year. To those of his own generation, he was a vindicator of youth: we gloried in his swiftness, his energy, his insight, his cocksureness and aplomb. He was the prince of sophomores, and seemed to promise his subjects a final elimination from this world's affairs of all old-fogeydom and rot. He is a "lost leader" to them now. They have marked, alongside of that growing idealism which the Nobel prize-

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givers were fain to recognize the other day, a steady indrawing and stiffening of attitude toward the world's practical affairs. They have not been able to follow him when he sounded the charge. He has wearied them a little with his enthusiasm for the Englishman as a divinely appointed Captain of the School.

And, of course, there have been changes in his art of writing during the past twenty years. The rough, swift force is gone, the youthful cynicism, and the journalistic dash. The "actions and reactions" of his latest volume would have been recorded by the young Kipling in a tenth the space here employed. They are the careful product of a responsible middle-aged practitioner. The manner of "An Habitation Enforced" is actually more like that of Mr. Howells than like that of the writer of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." "Garm—a Hostage" takes us back to Simla, to an experience of Stanley Ortheris, and even to a glimpse of Mulvaney; but they move with the decorum of penitent ghosts borrowed from the limbo in which, twenty years ago, their creator promised they should be left in peace. "The Mother Hive" is a parable in the Jungle Book vein. "The House Surgeon" is a haunted-house story marked by the mature Kipling's subtler treatment of the supernatural. "A Deal in Cotton," "The Puzzler," and "Little Foxes" again reveal the Englishman bearing alone the white man's burden. There remains what is intrinsically the most remarkable story in the collection—representing an aspect of the later Kipling's imagination of which the young Anglo-Indian journalist made no sign—that *tour de force* of the technical fancy, "With the Night Mail."

Of the intercalary verses little need be said. Each of them is intended to enforce the moral of the preceding tale. Only in the last (inscrutably entitled "The Rabbi's Song") are there touches of poetry; and this is defaced by the cockney pairing of "water" and "quarter."

The Title Market. By Emily Post. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The question of international marriage is one that seems irresistibly alluring to ladies with a bent for authorship—especially that form of international marriage that is signalized by the junction of a coronet with American millions. This theme, however, has definite limitations, and it is unavoidable that those who choose so narrow a way should tread more or less in the steps of their predecessors. Mrs. Post has given us an entertaining story made up of old materials—so old, indeed, that it requires no great experience of fiction to forecast the end from the beginning. Her character delineation lacks originality; the plutocratic papa as the god behind the scenes has been more powerfully drawn in "The Shuttle," and Nina shows somewhat pale and indeterminate after the masterful Betty. The real merit of the book lies in its graphic portrayal of life and manners among the higher social circles of Italy, with all the small discrepancies and oddities that strike so strongly the Ango-Saxon observer. The combination of ancient luxury and modern discomfort, half pathetic yet wholly humorous, is well touched in Prince Sansevero's pæan of joy, when he hears that his sulphur mine has become profitable, under the management of the American hero. Borne upon the exaltation of the moment, he promises his wife stoves, and emeralds set in a footstool, in the same breath. In spite of its happy moments, we close the book with a general sense of one superfluous volume the more.

Forty Minutes Late. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Their gathering together under a common title and between the covers of a real book does not very much disguise the ephemerality of F. Hopkinson Smith's most recent tales. Mr. Smith is at home everywhere, and with all classes: he has this great advantage as a story-teller, just as he has the knack of picturesque expression, the aptitude for dialogue, the cleverness of limning features of men and women and places, that we call literary facility. All this hurts as well as helps. One is conscious, in reading "Forty Minutes Late," that Mr. Smith is a ready writer. One is tempted, perhaps for that very reason, to do him less than justice; so excessively easy does this novelist find surface characterization. And yet, in the proper mood, one can greatly appreciate the pleasantly rapid passage of the moments, to which this good-natured story-teller so generously contributes. The faults and the merits of Mr. Smith's short stories, at their average degree of both, are as the faults and merits of our monthly journalism of shilling quality. Here, as in earlier tales, he is at his best in telling of manly actions and derring do. That is why we are best pleased with his story of the ocean steamer whose engines failed her, but whose captain saved all hands—and the book before us.

Doctor Rast. By James Oppenheim. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

The tales which make up this volume represent one of the most successful types of magazine story. They have the primary advantage of dealing with a new field, or of dealing with an old field in a new way. We have had stories of the New York Ghetto written by outsiders concerned with the sociological aspect of the scene, and by insiders to whom Ghetto life is a racial or religious theme. Mr. Oppenheim has found in it a field of luxurious sentiment. His Ghetto is an abiding-place for Col. Newcomes and Little Nells, Paul Dombeys and Cosettes, a world benevolently ruled over by a certain young Jewish physician and his wife. These two love each other romantically, exuberantly, for the edification not only of their own four walls, but of an admiring public. But then everybody loves everybody else like that in Mr. Oppenheim's Ghetto: every sleeve wears its heart, and there are no daws to peck in that happy region. Dr. Rast goes about his work in a mist of torment or ecstasy under which a real physician could not stand up a month. He is a Samaritan rather than a physicker, and a Samaritan perennially confounded by the suffering to which he ministers, perennially moved to tears by the beauty and triumph of human life as he sees it:

> He turned. He went out. He stole down the dark steps. Nell was waiting for him.
> "Morris," she cried, "are you all right?"
> He gathered her in—tenderly, tenderly.
> "Oh, Nell," he breathed, "human beings—human beings—I love them!"

The critic who should attempt to stare this popular literature of sensibility out of countenance, would no doubt be over-rating his own powers. And we have at least outgrown Wertherism. If we yet have tears for Sterne's donkey, or Dickens's Tiny Tim, they may be admitted to serve a softening, if somewhat enervating purpose. Enervation is not foremost among present-day perils.

TWO BOOKS ON SICILY.

Sicily, the Garden of the Mediterranean. By Will S. Monroe. 48 plates. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3.

Seekers in Sicily: Being a Quest for Persephone by Jane and Peripatetica. Done into the Vernacular by Elizabeth Bisland and Anne Hoyt. New York: John Lane Co. 8 plates. $1.50 net.

These two books may serve as the extreme types of their class. Mr. Monroe is concerned with facts, Mesdames Bisland and Hoyt deal frankly in fancies after the fashion *longo intervallo* of Laurence Sterne. Mr. Monroe presents useful information, drawing freely and with discretion from approved sources. He evidently knows his Sicily at first hand, but, in the main, he keeps to the modest rôle of compiler. His chapters are chiefly historical, but he discusses as well politics, agriculture, the Mafia, the Messina earthquake, education, arts, and letters—in a word, all the principal topics of current interest. In no sense a guide-book, it will serve to fill out Baedeker's excessively skeletonized treatment of Sicily.

This is not to accord Mr. Monroe infallibility. His book has the general de-

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fects of its class. He calls sirocco—a wind the curse of which is its humidity—a *dry* wind. Theocritus becomes the founder of "lyric" (read pastoral) poetry. That the Sicilian dialect differs less than the others from standard Italian (p. 216) is emphatically not true. Mr. Monroe has apparently taken up unadvisedly some statement as to the old, artificial Sicilian poetry of Frederick II's time. That the Venus Landolina of Syracuse is one of the four most beautiful statues of the goddess is most disputable. The better criticism, we believe, regards this marble as Greco-Roman, and of no very high quality. To say of Antonello Gagini (whose name is occasionally misprinted as "Gagni") that "after Michelangelo he is generally regarded as the first sculptor of Italy," is news indeed—an estimate adapted to the longitude of Palermo. Mr. Monroe's brief account of the Messina earthquake is misleading in several regards. At Messina there was no tidal wave of consequence, except as the wrecking of small boats seriously hampered the work of relief. The wave that swept miles inland devastated the opposite, Calabrian shore. All of the cathedral treasure was saved, and practically the entire contents of its museum—including, strange to say, its famous majolica—were recovered through the efforts of Professor Salinas. To the credit of Italy it should be recorded that before the Russians and English came, the officers and crews of the torpedo-boat flotilla in harbor worked heroically with the scantiest resources. These are trifling blemishes in a work generally accurate and useful. For a lack of literary distinction no one need criticise Mr. Monroe. He effects what he sets out to do—a sober, well-balanced survey of a complicated subject.

As to the book of the "Seekers"—the reader is plainly warned off or sped on by the sub-title. It is the usual combination of random and inaccurate information by way of crumb, with abundant facetiousness, sentimentality, or simple talky-talk by way of plums. Jane and Peripatetica are so continuously vivacious, so startlingly literary throughout, that one reader at least finds what they call their "word braiding" quite unnegotiable. To point out the numerous inaccuracies and occasional impossibilities in the descriptions, to mend the printing of the nondescript Italian sprinkled through the pages, would be a useless labor. To ask who are the "Sikilians" were ungracious. To opine that the ascent of Monte Venere on donkey back is not a harrowing adventure would be sheer pedantry. Enough that it harrowed our gentle questers. From his foot you may know Hercules, and we think that the smallest sample of this book will either incite the reader or, as it may be, put him warily on his guard. On the evening when Peripatetica suggested a spring trip to Sicily, Jane looked like "a mere diaphanous mauve cloud, from which the glimmering fire picked out glittering points here and there. When Jane takes to tea-gowns, she is really very dressy." Everything had for the Seekers this same penumbral purple quality, which has, no doubt, admirers.

Vorlesungen und Abhandlungen von Ludwig Traube. Herausgegeben von Franz Boll. Erster Band, Zur Paläographie und Handschriftenkunde. Herausgegeben von Paul Lehmann. Munich: Beck.

With commendable promptness the literary executors of Ludwig Traube have begun the publication of his remains. Traube's life was short, but of his forty-six years, almost every one since his seventeenth saw the issue of reviews, articles, or books of the highest quality, and even to the list in the present volume one addition must be made, the "Paläographische Bemerkungen," published posthumously in A. E. Burn's "Facsimiles of the Creeds in Early English Manuscripts," 1909. While many of Traube's writings are concerned with details, details were meaningless to him unless they contributed to larger relations. He enlivened old facts, and constantly discovered new ones, but his deepest interest was in far-reaching designs, which he did not live to complete. How great a monument he might have built we see in the volume before us. Besides the list of Traube's published works, running to 153 titles, there is given a list of fifty-seven subjects to which he had devoted research, accumulating his notes in special portfolios. Some of these studies were well-nigh ready for publication, and will now appear in successive volumes, under the general editorship of Professor Boll.

Traube's greatest achievements were doubtless in palæography. He was a born bibliographer, and no man living was better qualified than he to write a history of Latin literature in the Middle Ages; but precisely because he recognized and, in fact, made the cornerstone of his method, the interdependence of mediæval history and palæography, was he led more and more to the latter subject, with which, from this larger point of view, so little had been done. Palæography, he would explain in his lectures, which are printed in the present volume, is the history not only of the script, but of the book that contained the script, and of the monastic library that contained the book. He could show that historical problems like the Adoptionist controversy and the state of culture in Ireland during the early Middle Ages, depended on palæography, in part, for their solution. He always appealed to the general ideas surrounding his subject; in tracing the development of palæography as a science, he did not, like the routine lecturer, reduce it to bibliographical lists, but embedded it in human history. The hearer felt that he was following the story of great events, and was not surprised that it was illustrated by quotations from Goethe, Montaigne, Lessing, Leopardi, or by reference to Descartes, Richard Simon, Darwin—this with no suggestion of the purple patch, but with immediate bearing upon the argument. One was inspired with his devotion to the founders of the science, those great eccelesiastics Mabillon and Montfaucon, and felt the title he gave them, ἥρωες ἐπώνυμοι, not extravagant. Traube singled out only three German scholars as deserving the title of great palæographers. The scholarly world will add his name to the list, regarding him not merely as a great palæographer, but as practically the founder of a new science.

Most noteworthy among the many problems that Traube raised and to the solution of which he greatly contributed, is the origin of the abbreviations in mediæval script. His last work, "Nomina Sacra," sets forth his complete results. His general conclusions are sketched entertainingly in an address delivered before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, and included in the present volume. The system that gained the day in the Middle Ages was contraction; that is, the omission of certain letters in the body of a word, as *dns* (with a stroke above), for *dominus;* it originated, Traube shows, in manuscripts of ecclesiastical works. Suspension, the curtailing of the latter part of a word, as *dom* (followed by a point), for *dominus*, was the earlier system, employed in pagan documents and inscriptions, and appearing likewise in literary works, both pagan and Christian, but, like the stenographic abbreviations of the Tironian notes and other systems, it passed eventually into disuse. Now, the earliest contractions, Traube shows, are found only in manuscript of ecclesiastical works, and these are restricted to certain sacred names, such as *deus, Iesus, spiritus*, a device evidently suggested by the similar abbreviation of sacred names in manuscript of Greek works. Traube argues, plausibly, that the practice owed its origin there to the use of the Hebrew tetragram for the divine name, naturally without vowels, in texts of the Septuagint. So the original purpose in omitting letters from the sacred names was not to abbreviate, but to honor them with a special symbol. Abbreviation was a by-product, like the Phœnicians' discovery of glass, observes Traube, and proved a most useful one. It is a pity that Prof. W. M. Lindsay, in his recent brochure on "Contractions in Early Latin Minuscule Manuscripts,"

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which supplements Traube's "Nomina Sacra" with useful collections of examples, should throw the whole subject into confusion again by abandoning the distinction between contraction and suspension, that plays so vital a part in Traube's discussion.

It is right, then, that the first volume of these posthumous publications should be devoted to palæography. It contains, besides the matter already referred to, a valuable list of extant capital and uncial manuscript compiled by Dr. Lehmann, who in all ways shows himself a most competent editor. Prof. Boll adds, by way of preface, the best biographical sketch of Traube that has yet appeared. The character of such a man, who was not only a brilliant and penetrating discoverer, but a great humanist, is an answer to certain critics of specialization to-day; for the real specialist, like Traube, is a real Platonist, a follower of the many and of the one.

The Conquest of the Isthmus. By Hugh C. Weir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

The library of Panama literature, already filling more than a five-foot shelf, is extended by the addition of a lively volume of sketches of life and work on the Canal Zone by Hugh C. Weir. He does not concern himself with the difficult questions of engineering and finance, except to join in the chorus of condemnation of the unpatriotic "muck-raker," but overwhelms us with figures, showing the greatness of our achievement, and dazzles us with the contrast between the little streak of Americanism and the untracked jungle on each side. He goes alligator shooting with Capt. Shanton in a chapter compact of thrills and excitement, and in the same spirit of adventure he visits the Christmas bazaar of the Woman's Club at Ancon. He goes through the Culebra Cut on a motor car and barely escapes being crushed by a twenty-ton boulder. This is in the forenoon. In the afternoon he comes "within three inches of death" from the sting of a deadly black scorpion, against which "there is absolutely no antidote." He stands upon Gold Hill at Culebra, "with the memories of my Prescott sharply astir," and his imagination fires at the thought that here Balboa stood and gazed at the Pacific. This is a favorite joke with the men of the Canal, although usually it is Paraiso Hill that they palm off on the tenderfoot as "Balboa's Cliff." As a matter of fact, it was a peak in Darien, about a hundred miles away, from which the southern ocean was first seen; Keats got the place right if he did get the name wrong.

Mr. Weir administers his statistics in the most palatable manner, and he grows eloquent over the heroism and energy of the men who make the dirt fly. The book will serve a useful purpose in impressing the average reader with the magnitude of this national enterprise in its varied aspects. It is undeniably superficial and sensational, and its statements are not to be accepted without caution. Sometimes, an over-hasty snatch at an idea results in an amusing misconception like the following: "Quinine, one of the most beneficial drugs to man that has ever been discovered, is absolutely fatal to the mosquito." The picture this calls up of Col. Gorgas and his men going about dosing the anopheles with quinine, presumably in the ten-grain capsules, gives a new view of the sanitary question. As Mr. Weir is eager to represent the Isthmus as a most healthful and pleasant place of residence, it is unfortunate that he exaggerates its heat. He says the average temperature is 110 degrees. It is really about 80 degrees, and the Panamanians boast, not with entire truthfulness, that the thermometer never rises to 100.

The Wars of Religion in France, 1559-1576: The Huguenots, Catherine de Medici, and Philip II. By James Westfall Thompson, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50 net.

Not many periods of European history so interesting and important as the epoch of religious wars in France are so slightly represented in recent English historical writing. The decade from 1879 to 1889 saw the appearance of a number of works in this field: Baird's "Huguenots," Armstrong's "French Wars of Religion," and such books as Jackson's "Last of the Valois." But though Continental scholars during the last twenty years have quite changed the conception of this period, the results of their investigations until now have found comparatively slight reflection in English. This is the more surprising in that this favorite field of romance has not only profound religious, diplomatic, and economic importance, but has also direct bearing on affairs across the Channel. But it is an old story that interest in a particular line of work comes and goes, often without apparent cause, and even at times seems to move in definite cycles.

Certainly, few periods offer more of interest than the years covered in this study. The genius of Dumas has made most readers familiar with many of the more remarkable characters and incidents of a time rich in both. The figures of the last Valois kings, the Guises, the Chatillons, and the Bourbons, of Catherine de' Medici, of Mary Stuart and Philip II, of the lesser lights like Tavannes and Montluc, La Noue and Montgomery, with their tortuous intrigues, their romantic adventures, and their tragic ends, have irresistible fascination for the lovers of romance. Here, too, the champions of two great schools of religious thought have found a fair field for their controversial powers. Perhaps, in a sense, both of these circumstances have hindered a proper conception of the period. The personal interest in the career and fate of individuals has been so intense that the broad and deep currents of thought and affairs have been relatively neglected; or, if these have been considered, the passions roused then and since by the religious questions have not been favorable to the impartial investigation and presentation of truth. Now, at last, scholarship, turning aside somewhat not merely from the drum and trumpet, but from the weariness of diplomatic intrigue, has set itself to unravel the mysteries of economic conditions, of administrative detail, of political organization and practice.

In no small measure this is the value of the present work. Using the results of recent scholarship along the lines of economic and administrative, as well as personal and diplomatic investigation, Professor Thompson has produced an account of this tempestuous period in many ways radically different from the older conception. Nothing shows this difference more clearly than his treatment of military operations. The effect of the various forces, Huguenot, Catholic, German reiters, and Swiss mercenaries on the people—this he describes in detail. To be sure, he gives full-page plans of the principal battles; but it requires courage to break with immemorial tradition so far as to dismiss Jarnac with these words:

> The royal army under the nominal command of the Duke of Anjou, but really commanded by the veteran Tavannes, who had orders to give battle at all cost before the Duke of Deuxponts could arrive, won the decisive victory of Jarnac on March 13, 1569. It was a fierce and bloody battle.

Such a description has this advantage, at least: it leaves space to consider the effect on the people and on the situation of affairs. Moreover, in such treatment as he has given the period the leaders play their parts, not as a group of actors dealing only with each other, but in relation to their followers, to the nation as a whole. They become, therefore, more human and comprehensible, less like figures of tragedy moved by more than human motives and passions. Much glamour is thus removed, much mystery of state destroyed, and the illusion of romance gives place to the reality of life, with its sober play of cause and effect. We can still trace the devious ways of Medicean and Spanish intrigue, we feel the romantic interest of the Guise ambitions, the adventures of the viscounts; but we realize also the deeper forces at work, the extortion and maladministration of government, the oppression and discontent of the lower classes, the ruin of the peasantry, the depression of the workers by the break-

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down of the guilds. And we can see in this disintegration of an old society those great social and economic changes which, scarcely less than the new religious ideas, made Protestantism a force in affairs of state and church alike. From such a study we may understand, as otherwise we cannot, not merely the Reformation, but the underlying forces which later were to make the Revolution and modern France.

In the main Professor Thompson has told his story well. The style, which is inclined to drag in the beginning, becomes clearer and more fluent as the narrative progresses. Throughout his impartiality is everywhere evident, and the dispassionate air with which he awards praise and blame, even in such affairs as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is a striking feature of his work. One might almost wish at times for more fire. His references are unusually full, and it is apparent from them that he has gone deeply into his subject. In particular he has relied largely on the Calendars of State Papers, Foreign, which in this period are remarkably full and valuable, as are those of the Venetian archives, upon which he also draws heavily. Many contemporary illustrations, maps, and plans add to the value of his work, and an excellent index with a considerable body of material in appendices contributes to its usefulness.

Notes.

Henry Frowde announces the early publication of "The Union of South Africa," by the Hon. R. H. Brand, secretary to the Transvaal Delegates at the South African National Convention.

Hodder & Stoughton will issue this autumn a "primer" to the novels of George Meredith, by Dr. James Moffatt.

S. R. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate," uncompleted at his death, is to be continued to a conclusion by Prof. C. H. Firth in the latter's "Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656-8." This work Longmans, Green, & Co. will issue in two volumes, this month or next. It will begin with the meeting of Cromwell's second Parliament in the autumn of 1656.

The wide and newly kindled interest in Spain which we have to-day will soon be rewarded by the issue through Houghton Mifflin Co. of Philip S. Marden's "Travels in Spain." Here is the story of a springtime journey from Gibraltar across the Peninsula, with a light but informed touching upon the Spanish arts and history.

At the time of his death, Walter Headlam was busy with a prose translation of Æschylus, and had completed five of the seven plays. C. E. S. Headlam has now translated the remaining two plays, and has written an introduction to the complete volume, which is to be added to Bohn's Classical Library by the Messrs. Bell.

The same publishers will soon issue two new volumes in their Masters of Literature series: "Defoe," edited by John Masefield, and "Carlyle," by A. W. Evans. They have in press a volume dealing with Thackeray, by G. K. Chesterton, which will be added to the same series; and will follow this with the "Emerson" of G. H. Perris.

Commander R. E. Peary's narrative of his successful Polar expedition is to appear serially in *Hampton's Magazine*. In book form, it will be issued through Frederick A. Stokes Co. This arrangement is the climax of a sensational series of negotiations. When the news of Peary's achievement reached New York, representatives of several publishers hastened to meet him. One of these reached Battle Harbor in time to assist the explorer in receiving the representatives of the press. In spite of the excitement on every hand, however, Commander Peary was unhurried in his publishing arrangements. In the end, he gave his book to the publishers of his earlier narratives.

It is good news that the brilliant essays of Oscar Wilde, gathered together under the title "Intentions," are to be made accessible, through their republication by Methuen & Co. (London).

The eighteenth century is still the subject of numberless reprints and reassemblages of old material: occasionally, too, of books which throw fresh light on men and things. "Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century," by the Duke of Argyle, is one of the volumes promised for early publication by Stanley Paul & Co. (London), newcomers in the publishing field; and Constable has nearly ready "Hogarth's London," by H. B. Wheatley, the well-known London topographer.

John Murray (London) will publish this autumn "The Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmorland" which her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall, has edited. Lady Westmorland was one of the most charming women of her time. As Lady Burgshersh she made, in 1814, a daring tour of Europe, following in the wake of the allies to Paris, and seeing the infinite havoc and chaos wrought to and by the army of Napoleon. Her diary, recounting these experiences, was published sixteen years ago. Later in life she went with her husband, who served as British ambassador, to Florence, Berlin, and Vienna.

Collectors of "The Compleat Angler" have now another edition to seek, and those brutish souls who have not loved Walton's charming pastoral have another allurement to love:

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has issued the first part of the work (*i. e.* Walton's part) as one of their special Riverside editions, on handmade paper, with wood-blocks engraved by M. Lamont Brown, after the cuts of fish in the original. The book is small enough in size for the fisherman's or the "contemplative man's" roomy pocket, and it has every attraction which we have come to expect from the printing done under the supervision of Bruce Rogers.

We are inclined to name George Hodges's "Garden of Eden" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) as the vulgarest production of the press this year. It is an attempt to rewrite for the comprehension of children a number of stories from the first nine books of the Old Testament; the result is a translation of biblical language into a kind of smart "journalese" (with incongruous relics of the original intermixed) which it is not good for any child's ear to hear, and a translation of biblical miracles into commonplace absurdities which are an insult to any child's imagination and understanding. As an example, a mild one, of Dean Hodges's jaunty style, we may quote his version of Moses on Sinai:

"God told me that He would speak to us in that place. I am going up to meet Him." And he took with him a young man named Joshua.

"You wait," he said to the people, "till I come back and tell you what God says."

As an example of his rationalizing we may refer to the account of the passage of the Red Sea, which changes the marvellous to the pseudo-scientific action of wind and cloud and water. Dean Hodges has a surprising knowledge of things which may never have happened at all. We have given space to this criticism of a poor book because it is handsomely printed and illustrated, in a manner to attract unsuspecting buyers.

In dealing with the first two volumes of Prof. J. E. Spingarn's "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" (the *Nation*, June 18, 1908), we called attention to the excellence of the editing and solid erudition of the introduction. The third volume, now before us, gives no occasion to withdraw any word of that commendation. Though, perhaps, the essays in this volume as a whole are more even in quality, due to the growing consciousness of literary procedure, they contain nothing so fundamentally interesting as the work of Jonson or Bacon or Hobbes in the earlier issue. Yet we have here hints of the great quarrel of the ancients and the moderns in the essays of Sir William Temple, and the beginning of the bitter attack on the Restoration stage in the work of Jeremy Collier. Even more interesting is William Congreve's discussion of the nature of "humors," which introduces us to one of the great topics of English letters. We get a glimpse far backward and forward in his remark "that there is more of humor in our English comic writers than in any others. . . . And what appears to me to be the reason of it is the greater freedom, privilege, and liberty which the common people of England enjoy." The same remark is made later by Horace Walpole. In a note to John Dennis's "Impartial Critic," Professor Spingarn observes that "only one or two of Dennis's critical essays have been reprinted since that date [when Johnson said that "he wished to see John Dennis's 'Critical Works' collected"]; and the larger task remains undone, but still worth doing." Very well worth doing, we think; and Professor Spingarn would confer a favor on scholars by undertaking the task. It remains only to say that the notes of the present volume show the same accuracy and care as do those to the two earlier volumes.

Dumas may be tasted by English and American readers, not as romancer alone, but also as the writer of "My Memoirs" (The Macmillan Co.), and the same publishers now issue the supplementary volume, "Mes Bêtes," newly translated, as "My Pets," by Alfred Allinson. With sixteen

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vivacious drawings by V. Lecomte, this last book makes a most attractive volume of three hundred pages; and one of the few works of the novelist which may be starred *pour la jeunesse*. Each of the chapters is lighted up by the sunny humor of the romancer, who, in his life, whether in Paris or, as here, "in my solitude at Monte Cristo," was as extravagant as in his wildest tales. The account of Dumas's rural life is singularly amusing. "I love solitude," he writes. "For those who can appreciate the charms, solitude is the most loving of mistresses. . . . Society is the distraction of the body; love the occupation of the heart; solitude the religion of the soul." But Dumas loved no lonely solitude, nor even a *solitude à deux*, save at rare intervals. He was surrounded, in town or villeggiature, by friends—colleagues—collaborators—servants—parasites; this from first to last. But in the book before us it is his animal comrades in which he is most deeply interested; and most deeply interests his readers. Dogs there are in greatest abundance; dog heroes and dog rogues, romantic dogs and dogs picaresque. The cats, Mysouff I and Mysouff II, interest us less; so, too, the residents of the aviary, eaten up by one of the Mysouffs, we forget just which; a green monkey or two and a blue macaw communicate an exotic touch. But enough of enumeration. Dumas's pets were at least numerous and amusing Their history is not to be read straight off, cover to cover, notwithstanding the entertaining style of it. Three hundred pages of anecdote are not to be bolted. But where could one ever find for the country house book-shelf (no matter how many feet to it) a better book than "My Pets"?

"Hints on House Furnishing," by W. Shaw Sparrow (John Lane Co.), is a diffuse and chatty book, but for that reason calculated to beguile the British householders, to whom primarily it is directed. After a general introduction on various methods of furnishing, on taste, color, and the English tradition, there are specific chapters on the treatment of walls, floors, ceilings, and finally on furniture and fittings. It is a practical book, even to giving the addresses of firms—in London, naturally. In general Mr. Sparrow is a safe and genial guide. He is ingenious in his method of teaching. For example, the cardinal points in righteousness of color are drawn from Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne. In his condemnation of speculative building and of dealer-made fashions in decoration the author attacks evils quite as glaring here as in England. In his passion for sound and simple construction, in his dislike of naturalistic design, and his offishness towards overtly patterned hangings and carpets, he is distinctly on the side of the angels. Idiosyncrasy perforce affects a book of this sort. Few, perhaps, will share his antipathy to the pale greens, most useful colors when the setting is right. Again, does every wall require a frieze, and is it all the better for a dado? We think not. It all depends upon the use of the wall, whether it is to be a composition in itself, or a mere background for a composition made up of pictures and furniture. Mr. Sparrow nowhere sufficiently sets forth the merits of tinted plaster, preferably roughcast, as a wall finish. It is difficult to get it done well, but few textures are more permanently satisfactory. Combed paint, too, has its appeal, but here we trench on plutocratic territory, and the book is for the reasonably well-to-do. The volume is well illustrated with typical English interiors, the usefulness of which to American householders is limited. Still, the doctrine is the thing, and since the book makes for rational taste we wish it a wide reading.

S. G. Tallentyre's "Life of Mirabeau" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is a very inferior book to that of Professor Fling on the same subject, which we reviewed favorably twelve months ago. It is far less learned, and much more pretentious. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject, whether by way of new facts, or of new points of view. It echoes throughout the notes of Macaulay and Carlyle, and the style is after the manner of the latter.

Dr. Arthur C. Boggess's account of early Illinois ("The Settlement of Illinois, 1778 to 1830," Vol. V, Collection of the Chicago Historical Society) is the record of the narrow poverty out of which came abundance, of the chaos out of which came organization, in short, the record of the small beginnings of a great American commonwealth. The description is minute: forty-five closely printed pages contain the list of the authorities used. Its accuracy is vouched for by Prof. Frederick J. Turner and J. B. McMaster, who critically read the work before publication. The book will have small attraction for those who read merely for pleasure. The sober student, however, will find here the bases of Illinois's history clearly and fully discussed.

Whoever has wandered through the streets and parks of Weimar, and tried to call back, in imagination, the magic past when Goethe and Schiller and Frau von Stein and Karl August and his court made merry in the little principality, will find delight in Thea and Horst von Harbou's beautiful books, "Weimar: Ein Sommertagstraum," "Tiefurt: Aus den Memoiren eines Sonnenstrahls," and "Belvedere: In einer Vollmondnacht" (Weimar: R. Buchmann). These three unique *Märchendichtungen* of the Saxon Athens are accompanied by some fifty-seven illustrations made especially for the work. The verse runs smoothly and reflects a passionate interest in the traditions treated; and the extraordinary grouping of many persons in the costumes of Weimar's Biedermann days—fair maidens at the usually deserted summer houses in the woods, and tea-parties on the green where Schröter and the others once danced—gives these volumes an unusual attractiveness.

The latest addition to the series called Der Alte Orient, and published by J. C. Hinrichs, of Leipzig, for the *Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft*, is a brochure by Prof. Hugo Winckler of Berlin, entitled "Das Vorgebirge am Nahr-el-Kelb und seine Denkmäler." It contains also one chart and four illustrations.

Adolf Müller's "Der Galilei-Prozess (1632-1633) nach Ursprung, Verlauf und Folgen" (Freiburg in Breisgau: Herder) may be regarded as a continuation of his "Galileo und das kopernikanische Weltsystem" published only a few months ago. The author is professor of astronomy and mathematics in the Gregorian University and director of the observatory on the Janiculum in Rome. He also belongs to the order of the Jesuits, who were the most eager and energetic opponents and persecutors of Galileo, and the chief purpose of these two volumes is to justify their action. As the Copernican conception of the solar system had not yet been proved, Professor Müller maintains that the adversaries of Galileo were right in rejecting and denouncing a cosmogony which was still only a questionable hypothesis. We cannot here follow Professor Müller's argument in all its sinuosities; enough that his reasoning is wholly fallacious.

Dr. William Torrey Harris, former United States commissioner of education, died at Providence, R. I., November 5. His work as an educator had gained him an international reputation. Long before his appointment by President Harrison he had impressed the educational methods of the country by introducing into the public school system of St. Louis the first successful course of nature study in the country. He was one of the men who gave kindergarten work its foothold in the public schools, and as founder of the School of Philosophy he did much to stimulate metaphysical study in America. He was also a lover of the classics, and was especially fond of mediæval Latin hymns. He had few equals in familiarity with Oriental languages, literature, and customs. His versatility as a scholar is partly suggested by the fact that, while he was regarded as one of the two greatest contemporary exponents of Hegel, and as a keen critic of modern economic thought, he kept in touch with the latest developments in both experimental and pure science, and was a sound critic of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. Born in 1835, he was a student at Yale College, and held several degrees of that and other institutions, but was never graduated. The honorary title of "Officer of the Academy" was decreed to Dr. Harris by the French government in 1878 for his school reports on exhibition at the great exposition, and in 1889 he received the title of "Officer of Public Instruction" from the same government. In his connection with the American Social Science Association he wrote many papers delivered before that organization. He was also a member of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and of the American Philosophical Association. He was a beneficiary of the Carnegie Foundation, being the first man so recognized. His death came at the completion of a new edition of Webster's International Dictionary, of which he was editor-in-chief. He also established at St. Louis, in 1867, the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, which he conducted up to the time of his death, was the editor of various school texts, and edited the department of philosophy in Johnson's Encyclopædia, for which he prepared many important articles. He was the author of "Introduction to the Study of Philosophy," 1889; "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia," 1889; "Hegel's Logic, a Book on the Genesis of the Categories of the Mind," 1890, and of the "Psychologic Foundation of Education," 1898.

Baron Fernand de Schickler, one of the leaders of French Protestantism, and a well-known philanthropist, has died at the age of seventy-four years. He was the author of many articles published in various periodicals, and of several extended works, of which the chief is his monumental his-

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tory of the "Eglises du refuge en Angleterre."

Science.

The Kea, a New Zealand Problem. By George R. Marriner. Christchurch, New Zealand: Marriner Bros. & Co.

Several books have been published devoted to a single species of bird—one to the great auk, another to the passenger pigeon. Now we have a volume treating of a single species of parrot. The kea or mountain parrot has become a very serious problem to the sheep raisers of New Zealand. We know that parrots are not distantly related to owls and in this instance there seems to have occurred a slipping back from a vegetarian to a carnivorous diet.

For more than fifty years a few individual keas in the various sheep districts have led attacks on these animals, killing from five to fifty per cent. of the flocks. They seem to kill for the love of killing, long after their appetites are satiated. Winter, when other food is scarce, is the season of carnage; and at this time one or more birds will alight on the back of a sheep and begin tearing at the wool. In spite of every effort which the sheep may make, it ultimately succumbs, and the unnatural parrots feast on the kidney fat and other portions of the animal.

Mr. Marriner has treated his subject thoroughly, reviewing it from every standpoint. He has incorporated in his book information derived from many correspondents, and offers a pleasant account of the kea country. This is the most picturesque part of New Zealand—among the rocky crags and fiords, the gorges and snow-clad peaks of the high, rugged mountains. Such a region is not adapted to agriculture, but herds of sheep thrive here, and thus the kea finds its prey ready to hand. It nests in a rocky hollow or burrows six feet deep under ground, lays four white eggs, and the young are hatched in the depths of winter. The kea, in its love of play, mischievous ways, and uncontrollable curiosity, brings to mind the Canada jay or moosebird. In districts where it is not hunted, it will often alight, not only on or in one's tent, but even on one's back as one leans over to pick up something.

After giving a detailed account of the ecology of the bird, the author proceeds to its relation to man. All the early records of sheep killing are narrated; the probable cause which led to its change of habits is discussed; the time and method of attack, the damage done, and the methods used in kea hunting are described. One learns that, although thousands of pounds have been paid in bounties for kea heads, at the rate of two shillings each, the problem is one that must be met and fought continually. Two points of unusual interest strike the casual reader: the remarkable fact of a member of the parrot family living and nesting amid Antarctic cold and snow, and the almost unique instance of a native bird developing into a pest, whereas in almost all other recorded cases it is an imported species (as the English sparrow) which acquires inimical tendencies.

Blackie & Sons (London) announce the publication of a book on palæobotany, or fossil botany, by Miss M. C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., lecturer on fossil botany at Manchester University, under the title: "Ancient Plants." The work is written with the double purpose of introducing the general reader to this fascinating branch of science and of presenting a general survey of the whole subject in its latest developments.

A marble monument to the memory of Prof. P. Tillaux has been erected in the garden of the amphitheatre of anatomy of the hospitals of Paris. This monument was the last work of the sculptor Chaplain.

Julian S. Huxley, B.A., late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, and gainer of the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1908, has been elected to the biological scholarship at Naples. He is a grandson of the late Professor Huxley.

There is great need for a comprehensive work on timbers and cabinet woods which shall give in convenient form the recent results of the microscopic, chemical, and mechanical studies of woods. A good many attempts have been made to supply this want, but no satisfactory work has yet appeared. In the latest of these attempts, a work entitled "Timber" (New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.), J. R. Baterden has undertaken to give in small compass a vast amount of information. Owing to the limitations of space he has, however, failed to present enough in regard to any one point to make the whole of great use to students or practical mechanics. Nevertheless, this is an interesting volume; well arranged, and capable of forming the basis, if properly built upon, of a much needed cyclopædia. The author has an excellent sense of proportion, and is evidently a thorough student. It would be safe for a publisher to entrust to him the preparation of an exhaustive work with copious references to original authorities and with the reference tables which every scientific student of timber needs to have at hand.

From Eskbank, near Edinburgh, comes news of the death of David Thomson, the horticulturist, at the age of eighty-six. He was for some time editor of the *Gardener*, and was the author of a "Handy Book of the Flower Garden."

From Japan is reported the death of Dr. Kakichi Mitsukuri, dean of the College of Science in the Imperial University of Tokio, in his fifty-second year. A leader of modern Japanese thought, he was likewise the author of numerous papers in his special field of zoölogy. His influence was pronounced, also, in the development of younger students and in the establishment of the Seaside Laboratory at Misaki. After studying at American schools, Dr. Mitsukuri received, in 1879, the degree of doctor of philosophy at Yale, and later studied under Professor Balfour at Cambridge, England.

Drama.

THE NEW THEATRE.

The opening of the New Theatre on Monday was an important event in the dramatic history of this country for several reasons. Although in no sense a national enterprise, being founded on private capital, the institution is sufficiently broad in its aim, and sufficiently strong in financial backing to assume something of a national character. By no means purely philanthropic or disinterested, it is not mainly commercial in spirit, or subject to that malign syndicate influence which, for years, has been strangling dramatic art and making the theatre in general a subject for reproach and hissing throughout the English-speaking world. It is under intelligent and ambitious direction, has a properly organized staff of literary and practical advisers; a permanent stock company to be strengthened as occasion serves for the performance of all kinds of intelligent drama, old or new, classical or ephemeral; pledges itself to have no long runs and will diversify its entertainments with opera. If it lives up to its professions as it undoubtedly can afford and now means to do, it may prove the beginning of that practical reformation of the stage which has long been the dream of ardent but impractical enthusiasts. This pleasant and hopeful vision may or may not be realized. It is altogether too soon for either exultation or prophesy. But the establishment of an independent theatre and a stock company upon a solid and durable basis seems to be an accomplished fact, and is a legitimate source of great encouragement.

There is abundant promise of permanence in the house itself, a costly and noble marble structure, which will take high rank among the chief architectural features of the future city. It is fashioned within upon the best and latest models, and is replete with every convenience for the public before and the players behind the curtain. The theatre proper, a wide and flattened horseshoe, in accordance with the newest fashion, suffers somewhat from excessive ornamentation, but is notable for its capacity, for the comfort of its arrangements, and the perfection of its exits and approaches. The stage is wide and deep enough for every conceivable requirement of scenic display, and the lighting arrangements are peculiarly elaborate. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a theatre more complete in its appointments.

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To say that the opening performance, that of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," was in all respects worthy of its luxurious surroundings, would be an exaggeration. It did, however, furnish many evidences of liberal and intelligent management, which are rich in promise of future achievement. The tragedy itself, it is pretty safe to say, has never had a more effective, a more artistic, or a more appropriate scenic setting. Such liberties as were taken with the text—and the excisions were on a wholesale scale—are as a rule justified by the general result. Although many fine passages disappeared, nothing vital was lost—except the scenes in Pompey's barge, which have been ruthlessly erased in spite of their value in comic relief and dramatic interest—and a fairly continuous and intelligible story was presented. By putting all the Roman scenes in Cæsar's house and all the Egyptian scenes in Cleopatra's palace much saving of time was effected and the artists were enabled to construct two massive and imposing sets. The interior of Cleopatra's palace, with its huge pillars and its outlook across the Nile to the opposite shore, was particularly beautiful. The Roman scene was a very handsome piece of stage masonry, and Cleopatra's monument, with its majestic Sphinxes, provided another striking picture. But the excellence of the stage management was manifested chiefly in the purposeful and intelligent actions of the supernumeraries, the handling of soldiers, slaves, messengers, etc., which reflected much credit upon that experienced producer, Louis Calvert. All the minor "business" of the play, which is too often left to take care of itself, was conducted without awkwardness and without hitch.

But few of the speaking actors were really equal to the tasks assigned to them. Both in speech and action they betrayed their unfamiliarity with the needs of poetic drama. The blank verse was a perpetual stumbling-block to them. E. H. Sothern, the Antony of the occasion, made an unheroic and unimaginative impersonation still less attractive by the humdrum monotony of his utterance. Of the fierceness of the contending passions in the part he seemed to have no adequate conception. Once or twice, he let himself go with good effect—as in the attack upon Thyreus and in the quarrel with Cleopatra—but his performance, as a rule, was tame and uninspired. Miss Julia Marlowe's Cleopatra was beautiful to the eye and eloquent in rage. Some of her outbursts were exceedingly fine. But she lacked the essential cunning of the Serpent of old Nile. Her fickleness was too transparent, though her fascination was undeniable. William McVay played Enobarbus in blunt, soldierly fashion, but there is far more humor, in the character than he got out of it. Of the wonderful description of the famous barge he made nothing. Roland Buckstone did little with Lepidus, but Mr. Anson would have been an excellent Octavius if his elocution had been better. The best speaking was done by some of the minor players in the cast. Perhaps the most obvious moral of the entire representation was that no amount of expenditure can be of much avail to the poetic drama until our modern actors have recovered the almost lost art of acting and reciting it.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new play, "The House of Temperley," is a melodrama of the prize-ring, founded in part upon his novel, "Rodney Stone." He holds that England owes much to the spirit of endurance which was the chief feature of the old prize-ring, and wishes to enforce that truth.

Glasgow now has its repertory theatre, and its experiment differs, according to a correspondent of the London *Times*, from those made in other places. It is financed "by a limited-liability association," made up almost exclusively of Glasgow citizens: university men, professional men, merchants, and manufacturers. The prospectus of the Royalty Theatre, where the plays are performed, sets forth as one of the objects in view "to encourage the initiation and development of a purely Scottish drama by providing a stage and an acting company which will be peculiarly adapted for the production of plays, national in character, written by Scottish men and women of letters." There is as yet no evidence of enthusiasm in Glasgow for a Scottish theatre: "Scotch writers are too sentimental for the Scotch; they have to go to London." Among the plays already produced, or in preparation, are "The Voysey Inheritance," Mr. Masefield's "Nan," "The Seagull" by the Russian Tchekhof, "Arms and the Man," etc. The company is said to be a good one, and is run on the regular stock company principle of each member taking the part best suited to him.

The first production in Paris of "La Rampe," a new play by Baron Henri de Rothschild, was signalized by the return to the stage of Mlle. Marthe Brandès. It is, as the title implies, a story of the footlights. A wealthy woman, becoming weary of an uncongenial husband, deserts him for a fashionable comedian. Going on the stage under her lover's guidance, she soon eclipses him, thereby estranging his love and exciting his furious jealousy. Before long he abandons her in favor of a vulgar little chorus girl. He still remains her instructor, however, and, while rehearsing under his direction the part of a deserted woman in a new play, she attempts to regain him by a final appeal. When he repulses her she finishes the scene with an actual, instead of a counterfeit, suicide. The piece is said to be a vivid exposition of stage life.

M. Antoine's resources as producer, not C. H. Hirsch's literary talents, are displayed to advantage in the new play at the Odéon, "Les Emigrés." Act i shows us the Canal and a Venetian *cabaret;* Act ii, the lower deck of an ocean liner speeding guilty lovers to America and a future unmarred by a drunken husband; the final setting is the stoke-hole, with that same husband, who has pursued the runaways on the same steamer, cremated for the audience's edification. All this is very cleverly managed and luridly depicted, but is not, after all, just what the *tout Paris* of the *rive gauche* expects to find at the second Théâtre Français. There is little of psychology, little of significant dialogue, to wash down this rather strong concoction. More than one assistant, admiring, the while, the melodrama's effectiveness, pinches himself to make out if he be not, after all, in the stalls of the Grand-Guignol.

Lionel Brough, the British comedian, died at London November 8, in his seventy-fourth year. Among his best-known impersonations were Tony Lumpkin which he played 777 times, and Bob Acres. He had successes also in Shakespearean comedy, notably as Touchstone. He visited America in 1885, with Violet Cameron, and at various times toured all parts of the United Kingdom, America, and South Africa.

Music.

The opening night of the season at the Manhattan brought an opera—Massenet's "Hérodiade"—which, though Brussels heard it as long ago as 1881, had never before been sung in this country. It was worth producing, as it contains some of the composer's loveliest airs, and is operatically effective. From the "Salome" of Wilde and Strauss, it differs utterly, the heroine being a pure maiden, who, when the Prophet she loves is executed by order of her mother, commits suicide. Two of the airs, "Il est doux, il est bon," and "Vision fugitive," have long been favorites in concert halls and homes. There is a great deal of splendor in the shape of processions, Oriental dances and backgrounds, and Mr. Hammerstein and his aids have staged the opera in a manner recalling the Paris Opéra in the days of Meyerbeer. Dalmores as Jean, and Renaud as Herod, contributed new dramatic portraits to their already famous galleries.

In the matter of novelties, our operatic managers are much more enterprising than they used to be. The Metropolitan announces no fewer than twelve works new to New York, and Hammerstein promises nine. Twenty-one new operas in one season will break all records; in fact, all records would be broken with half of the promised novelties produced. Among these are Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Leroux's "Le Chemineau," Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," Franchetti's "Germania," Paër's "Le Maître de Chapelle," Blech's "Versiegelt," and "Gypsy Love" by Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow." More important than these are three others, Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," and Humperdinck's "Children of the King." The list is completed by Laparra's "La Habañera" and Converse's "Pipe of Desire." Meantime, Mr. Hammerstein's list includes two operatic novelties by Strauss: "Elektra" and "Feuersnoth"; four by Massenet: "Hérodiade," "Griseldis," "Cendrillon," and "Sapho"; Leoncavallo's "Zaza," Hubay's "The Violin-Maker of Cremona," and "Natoma," an opera which Victor Herbert has in preparation.

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One of the surprises and sensations of the season will doubtless be the production of Wagner's "Lohengrin," on Saturday afternoon next week, at the Metropolitan, not only because there will be a fine cast, with new scenery and costumes, but because the whole work has been, as the Germans say, *frisch einstudirt* with the same care that Conried bestowed on the first production of "Parsifal." New facilities for thorough rehearsal have been provided, the top floor of the Metropolitan having been set aside for that purpose. It is now possible to rehearse a German opera at the same time an Italian one is being sung before an audience, or vice versa, for there are two orchestras, making together over a hundred and fifty players. At some of the Wagner performances all of these will be heard together.

The number of undeservedly neglected comic operas and operettas is, perhaps, greater than that of the grand operas that were prematurely buried. This season we are to witness a general revival of them at both the opera houses. The Metropolitan has underscored "Fra Diavolo," "Czar and Carpenter," "Les Dragons de Villars," "Il Maestro di Cappella," "Il Signor Bruschino," "La Belle Galathée," "La Fille de Madame Angot." Mr. Hammerstein also will produce the last-named, besides "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande-Duchesse," "The Bat," "Le Jour et la Nuit," "Dame Blanche," "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Mascotte," "Les Dragons de Villars."

Boston's million-and-a-quarter dollar opera house, erected in Huntington Avenue, near the New England Conservatory and Symphony Hall, by Eben D. Jordan, was opened on Monday evening with the rendition of Ponchielli's "La Giaconda." Mesdames Nordica and Homer and Señor Constantino were among the members of the new company heard at this première. There had been little opportunity to rehearse the opera, for the house was completed only just in time for the performance; which went off, however, more smoothly than this circumstance suggests. Acoustically, the new house is a great success.

Monteverdi's "Orfeo," the first performance of which was given in 1607, is to be revived this season at the Brussels Opera.

Paris is to hear "Salome" after all at the Grand Opéra. Richard Strauss had quarrelled with the managers some time ago, and, owing also to the difficulties which the theatre then was in, had withdrawn his work. But the opera is now in smooth waters again, and the composer has finally agreed to the performance. The cast is not yet arranged, except that Mary Garden will certainly sing the part of Salome, and that M. Delmas will probably be Iochanaan.

Art.

THE GENTLE ART OF BUYING FORGERIES.

We are in no position to say whether the wax bust recently bought by Director Bode of Berlin as a Leonardo was actually modelled by a Victorian sculptor named Lucas. But we do know that even if the story be true, it is a case not for mockery but for an admiring sympathy. It takes pluck to pay down public money for a beautiful nondescript object, to take the chances of deception and subsequent ridicule. It is because Director Bode takes such chances and makes his mistakes valiantly that he is the best buyer in Europe and his museum the richest, at the smallest cost, of all recent foundations.

Indeed, is there any better test of the efficiency of a museum director than a record of buying sufficient forgeries? Enough, mind you; not too many, for such lapses are expensive. But enough at least to prove that he has the courage not merely of his knowledge, but of his instincts; that he responds keenly to a beautiful object, and will incur the hazards of its possession. In other words, the museum and the collector who never buy forgeries will rarely buy masterpieces, and when they do will inevitably pay the highest price. The vagaries and blunders of such adventurers of the beautiful are so much evidence that their souls are alive. Dr. Bode has never failed to give such demonstration.

On a memorable occasion he discovered in his storeroom a Leonardesque altarpiece—mark the recurrence to this master—a thing of small beauty, and straightway promoted it to the galleries. The occasion was seized by the rival critic, Giovanni Morelli, who harped upon this indiscreet enthusiasm until a "Bode Leonardo" became almost as notorious among scholars as that staple article of commerce, "an Omaha Van Dyck," is among picture-dealers. But, as we have said, this comminatory way with erring experts fails to take into account the temperamental nature of their judgments. Science and dispassionate observation may be three-quarters of the battle, but the other quarter is a primitive and quite instinctive craving for beauty akin to that of the artist. This passion is naturally fallible, but it is also indispensable. Accordingly, it is better not to gloat over the blunder of a great expert, but to inquire how such a lapse comes about. To retrace the steps of error may be a lesson not only in human nature but also in charity.

In most cases, your expert need not fear the forgery. It is the work of an artist of a sort—otherwise it is wholly negligible—who has his own characteristics. One comes, in short, to know the forgers just as one does the masters themselves. There is, however, one moment when a falsification is really formidable, that is when it is unique in its class and seen for the first time. The strength of the expert is that he can visualize the memory of thousands of fine and real objects, confronting therewith any unfamiliar work of art that may come along. But what if the newcomer have no analogue in his experience? Then, evidently, the very basis of expertism is missing, and judgment must be passed by a kind of inspiration which naturally is subject to error.

This seems to have been the case with Dr. Bode in his recent mishap. Some fifty years ago, we are told, an erratic sculptor of talent, Richard Cockle Lucas, at the instigation of a dealer, did a wax bust, borrowing the forms of a Leonardesque painting. The bust disappeared, only to emerge some time ago as a bargain at a provincial sale. In London, it found admirers and rose to a price of £150, to pass eventually into Dr. Bode's hands in the thousands. Now what was he to do under the circumstances? Point of comparison there was none. The single wax bust of fine quality —that of Lille—is not by Leonardo and even its period is unsettled. Old painted wax is so rare that the effect of age upon it is not thoroughly understood. Dr. Bode has seen no other work of the versatile and forgotten Lucas. All the criteria of sure judgment were absent. What was he to do? Let a rival director pick up a possible Leonardo at a derisory price—or take the chances? He chose the perilous course and though his opinion was apparently wrong, we hold—observing Taine's fine and true distinction—that his judgment was right. A man is judged not by his weaker moments, but by his career as a whole, and if he had bought half a dozen Lucases, the Kaiser Friedrich museum would still be deeply in his debt for the money he has saved through thousands of shrewd and timely purchases. Now that Lucas has been disinterred, the matter is simple. It is easy enough for the rest of us to be wise at Dr. Bode's expense. As for Lucas, he may even establish an independent reputation like the Italian archaizer Bastianini, or the Russian Rukhomaski of Tiara fame. The wise amateur will not scoff overmuch, but rather thank his lucky stars that he was not the predestined discoverer of the wax works of the late Mr. Lucas.

These mishaps are the chance of the game, and the buyer of works of art who admits no defeats is either a sad dissembler or an incompetent. The real difficulty in museum management is not the occasional slips of directors and curators, but the timidity that demands certitude all the time. Connoisseurship being itself an art and not an exact science, certitude cannot always be had, and the opportunity missed by caution is grasped by audacity. The museums that need reform are not those that occasionally indulge in forgeries, but those that so cramp their purchasing power by the ignorance and timorousness of committees that paralysis ensues. Such museums buy no forgeries, to be sure, nor, except upon the most exorbitant terms, anything of any account.

The new building of the Boston Museum

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of Fine Arts on the Fenway will be opened on Tuesday afternoon, with a reception to the guests of the directors. The museum is already open to private view. Many collections for which there was no room in the old building in Copley Square are now shown to advantage, besides numerous new acquisitions.

Among the most notable recent accessions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the statue of an Old Market-Woman, which will be a revelation to the public that knows only the nobler sculpture of the Greeks. The statue is of an old peasant, not quite life-size, with the bent back of a woman accustomed to work in the fields. The mutilation of this armless figure has not cost it its interest, which resides principally in the realism of its action, and in the fact that we have here an unlovely representation of nature in her least beautiful form: the sunken cheeks, the old worn eyes, the hard lines about the mouth, the shrivelled neck and breast. The statue was found in Rome in September, 1907, in the cellar of an old building that was being pulled down. Examples of this naturalistic tendency are comparatively rare, writes Edward Robinson in the November *Bulletin* of the museum, but they constitute a well-defined class. "They all originated in the period . . . of the decline, when technical virtuosity took the place of greater ideals; and they are typical of one phase of the Hellenistic Age, which began with the death of Alexander the Great, B. C. 323, and continued until the Roman conquest of the various sites of Greek civilization." Except for a residual trace of Hellenic elegance—an irrelevant grace at that—it is no more significant than the sepulchral statuary of modern Italy. There are slight traces of painting, in which condition, happily departed, the statue must have been of appalling ugliness. Other acquisitions of the museum are a beautiful fragment of an early Italian Renaissance altar relief, the head of a singing or laughing child, pronounced by Dr. Bode to be the work of Antonio Rossellino, the reclining figure of a boy child, in bronze, ascribed to Verrochio, and numerous interesting examples of the Gothic and Renaissance decorative arts.

Through the generosity of Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, Scott & Fowles, the art dealers, open their new galleries in Fifth Avenue with a remarkable exhibition of portraits by masters of the seventeenth century Dutch school and of the eighteenth century British school. The place of honor is occupied by the "Pourtalès Rembrandt," the Portrait of a Young Man Rising from his Chair, which was painted in 1633, at Amsterdam, when the artist was twenty-six years old, and his model must have been about the same age. This dark-eyed young man is full of health and of the joy of living. He is richly dressed in black, and wears a large black hat, a broad lace collar, while a black cloak hangs from the left shoulder. The face, the left hand, which is exquisitely drawn, and the lace collar, except on the extreme left, are bathed in a brilliant ray of light, from which the young man is emerging—lifelike. The picture is smoothly painted, as were all Rembrandt's of that date. There is none of the impasto of his latest period, although the carefully painted lace collar and the high lights in the metal ends of the knots that adorn the dress give one the impression of impasto. The picture is in a marvellous state of preservation, and has apparently never been touched up since it left Rembrandt's easel. It lacks the mellowness of age in the high lights. This is owing to the old varnish having been recently rubbed off on account of a blemish, and it will take two or three years before the new varnish takes on a patina. Perhaps the most notable of the portraits by Hals shown here is the Young Woman with One Arm Over the Back of a Chair, which is no less charming than his Isabella Coymans in the Hudson-Fulton exhibition. In the presence of the Dutch pictures it must be confessed that those of the British masters, except in one case, the Portrait of a Boy, by Sir Henry Raeburn, look rather artificial. The one landscape shown is a Hobbema, with cattle and figures painted by Adriaen van de Velde, which has less brown and more green in the foliage than Hobbema usually introduced into his landscapes, and with less tightness in the painting of the leaves. There is much beauty in the peeps of sunlit landscape one gets through the wood that borders a sedgy pool. The exhibition will continue for about a week from the present date.

An exposition of the masterpieces of the art of the Mussulman will take place at Munich in the course of the next year. The art of the caliphs prior to 1258, Moorish art in Spain and northern Africa to 1500, the contemporary art in Sicily, the influence of Oriental art upon mediæval Scandinavia, Persian art during the domination, souvenirs of the Crusades, the influence of Persia on Russia and Poland, Turkish art from 1400 to 1700, the influence of Turkish art upon that of Italy and its reciprocation, Turkey and Germany, French painting and Turkey—these are some of the classifications which have been made.

A volume of pictures devoted to the beauties of "Oxford and Cambridge" is promised by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, the drawings being by Hanslip Fletcher. Thirty-five members of the universities contribute descriptive notes on their colleges; among them, the Provost of King's, and the Wardens of Wadham and Keble. The Registrar of the University of Cambridge, besides describing several colleges, furnishes an Introduction to the whole book, dealing with the history and architecture of the two universities.

The first issue of *The Art News*, the only art newspaper published in the United Kingdom, has just made its appearance. It is edited by Frank Rudder.

On the occasion of a second and apparently unaltered edition of Edward Dillon's "The Arts of Japan" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), we need only recall that the early periods are treated very summarily, and that especial emphasis is laid upon matters in favor with European collectors—the popular school of illustration, metal work, lacquer, and, in general, the minor arts.

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, whose "Stained Glass Tours in France" is favorably known, has folowed it up with a "Stained Glass Tours in England" (John Lane). The tours proposed are four—one for each of the main periods of glass-making. This scheme, if literally carried out, necessitates doubling on the trail; York, for instance, must be visited several times, as an exemplar not only of early English glass, but of glass of the decorated and perpendicular styles. Probably most travellers will take all their impressions of a given place at once, but they will find Mr. Sherrill's insistence on chronological sequence logically helpful. The demarcations are made on the simplest lines, disputed technical questions are not raised, elementary historical references are supplied, and the enthusiastic spirit of the author combines with the intrinsic charm of his subject to suggest a seductive programme for one's next vacation.

From Paris is reported the death of Ernest Rupin, aged sixty-four years. He was the creator and, equally, the curator of the museum at Brive, and was the author of important archæological studies: "l'Œuvre de Limoges" (a monograph on the limousine enamels), "les Cloitres et l'abbaye de Moissac, Roc-Amadour," etc. He shared with M. Martel in the subterranean exploration of the Causses du Quercy.

C. P. Fieffé, reorganizer of the Ceramic Museum at Nevers, as also curator, and born at Châtillon-en-Bazois, December 11, 1839, has recently died. He was the recognized authority on the faïences of his district. Among his studies of his special subject was the book issued in 1901 entitled, "Les Faïences patronymiques, caractéristiques des saints dans la céramique nivernaise."

Finance.

FIFTEEN-CENT COTTON.

On the last day of October, 1908, cotton for May delivery closed in New York at 8⅞ cents a pound. Its closing price of last September was 13¼ cents. On the closing day of October, 1909, "May cotton" crossed 15 cents. It had not passed that mark since March, 1904; even in 1906 and 1907, when cost of living pressed hard in almost every line of the consumer's purchases, 12½ cents was the highest figure reached. The spot price of 15¼ cents, reached last week in the New York market, has been touched in only one year since the paper money days.

The causes of this remarkable showing in a staple market are sufficiently known. The rise in cotton was foreshadowed, not only by the poor results of the crop in the Mississippi Valley and the Gulf States, but by the bold and audacious operations of a group of Chicago and New Orleans speculators, undoubtedly supported by a more widespread individual "buying for the rise" than is often seen in a staple market. In its larger aspect, the price bears hard on the every-day consumer, who as a rule has had his wages and salary kept down by the financial unsettlement following 1907, who for a year past has seen his rent, grocery, and butcher bills rising to almost unprecedented figures,

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and who now is threatened with a similar mounting-up of the bill for clothing.

It is also true, however, that the everyday man has a means of meeting an exorbitant price of cotton which he does not possess in the case of food. He cannot eat yesterday's dinner to-day, but he can wear the clothes of 1909 through 1910. This is the pitfall of a professional cotton speculation, even with statistics in its favor. The cotton mills know by experience, and if they do not know it, the merchants and department stores are apt to remind them, that the cost of clothing can be raised only a certain fairly well ascertained distance before a large consignment of goods becomes unsalable.

The present market has led naturally to the drawing of analogies with the famous "Sully corner" in the autumn of 1903 and the spring of 1904. Chronologically, however, the course of prices in that season differed widely from the present autumn. "Cotton futures" had been up to 13¾ cents a pound in July, 1903; at the end of October, the May delivery was only 11 cents. It got up to 12 at the end of November, and the government's unexpectedly low crop estimate of 9,962,039 bales, on December 3, sent the price, by the last week of the year, to 14¼.

In other words, the price of cotton, even with an official estimate (subsequently proved to be very close) for less than ten million bales, did not reach, up to the end of December, the 15-cent price scored this year on the last day of October. It was not, in fact, until the closing week of January, 1904, that "May cotton" crossed the 15-cent mark for the first time in the season. It got up to 16⅜ at the end of January and to 17⅜ in the opening week of February. That was the highest. Enormous speculative sales, the ensuing week, caused by the shut-down of the mills, broke the price to 12⅝, and subsequent developments proved pretty clearly that Sully's colleagues in the pool had taken that opportunity to betray him and "unload." Cotton recovered to 16⅝ in the second week of March, but on March 18, the failure of Sully being suddenly announced, the price fell again to 12⅝ cents. It ruled only a cent or so above that figure during the balance of the season.

It will be seen from this that the violent rise of 1903 began much later in the year than the rise of 1909; that last October's price was not achieved, that season, until three months after this year's date; that efforts of speculators to push the price much higher ended disastrously for them; that the market's culminating point came less than a fortnight after the 15-cent line was crossed on the advance, and that the price speedily fell again below that level.

But this does not of itself prove that the situation of to-day may not be so much worse than in 1903 as to warrant an earlier rise and higher prices. In October, 1903, Ellison estimated 10,877,000 bales as the world's requirements of American cotton; a year later, he figured out that 10,273,000 had been actually consumed, despite the exorbitant prices. Two weeks ago, he estimated the requirements for the coming season at 12,625,000 bales. This is a striking difference, and shows why a cotton crop which used to be called abundant will not now suffice.

It does not mean, however, that, in order to avert a famine, the American crop of 1909, like the world's requirements, must be 1,700,000 bales above that of 1903. The world's total supply of cotton on hand at the end of this October was greater by 1,395,000 bales than at the end of October, 1903; the supply of American cotton alone was greater by 1,457,000; this was because of the enormous crop of 1908. If, then, our crop this season were to be 11,000,000 bales, that yield, plus the increased visible supply as compared with 1903, would place us in a position where the Ellison "requirements" could be more easily met than they were six years ago. Supply would run very close to demand. A crop of only 10,000,000 bales, on the other hand, would place the consumer in a distinctly worse position than in the "Sully year."

These are considerations which will lend to the Agricultural Department's estimate on the actual cotton yield, to be published about a month from to-day, an interest almost as absorbing as was enjoyed by the famous government estimate of December, 1903, which the cotton trade received with excitement and emotion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. The Temple. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Addams, J. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Arthur, F. Rosemary. Longmans, Green.
Atherton, G. Patience Sparhawk and Her Times. Reprinted. Macmillan. $1.50.
Best of the World's Classics. Selected by Senator H. C. Lodge. Ten vols. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. II. Neale Pub. Co.
Briscoe, M. S. The Image of Eve. Harper. $1.25.
Brooks, Van W. The Wine of the Puritans: a Study of Present-Day America. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.
Brown, T. Under the Mulberry Trees. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Burchill, G., and others. The Progressive Road to Reading. Silver, Burdett. 48 cts
Burgess, G. Blue Goops and Red. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Burgess, G. Lady Méchante. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
Burton, E. D., and Others. Biblical Ideas of Atonement. Univ. of Chicago. $1 net.
Butler, H. M. Ten Great and Good Men. Longmans, Green.
Cameron, W. J. Poems. Longmans, Green.
Cannon, W. A. Studies in Heredity as Illustrated by the Trichones of Species and Hybrid of Juglans, etc. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Carlyle's Past and Present. With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Frowde.
Carson, W. E. Mexico. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Carr, C. E. Stephen A. Douglas. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.
Casson, H. N. Cyrus Hall McCormick: His Life and Work. Chicago: McClurg.
Cawein, M. The Giant and the Star. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Caw, J. L. Scottish Paintings Past and Present. 1620-1908. Stokes. $8 net.
Chancellor, E. B. The Private Palaces of London, Past and Present. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Chatterton, E. K. Sailing Ships and Their Story. Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Cleaves, M. A. The Autobiography of a Neurasthene. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Clute, W. N. Laboratory Botany: For the High School. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.
Conhead, M. D. Mexico. Illustrated in color. Stokes.
Cramp, W. S. The Biter. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Critchell, R. S. Recollections of a Fire Insurance Man. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Croce, B. Æsthetic, As Science of Expression and General Linguistic. Trans. from the Italian by D. Ainslie. Macmillan. $3 net.
Croly, H. The Promise of American Life. Macmillan. $2 net.
Curtin, J. A Journey in Southern Siberia. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Dawbarn, C. Y. C. Liberty and Progress. Longmans, Green.
Dawson, W. J. and C. W. The Great English Essayists. Harper. $1 net.
Delpit, L. L'Age D'Or de la Littérature Française. Boston: Heath & Co. 90 cents.
Doyle, E. The Comet: a Play of Our Times. Boston: R. G. Badger.
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